The Nation.

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The Week.

The final flurry in the Senate over the tariff bill brings out one fact in clear light: The American Congress is disabled from raising revenue. There was a great deal of solemn truth in what Senator Teller said on Monday. Quoting a former remark of Senator Allison's, that we had "more untouched and untaxed means of revenue than any other country in the world," he dwelt on the shameful spectacle of a Congress without the skill or the courage to reach out its hand and take the needed revenue, and asked if Senators were willing to go to the people and confess that they saw their duty, but were powerless to do it. Mr. Teller's two illustrations were the beer tax and the whiskey tax. The former had actually been proposed by the finance committee, who saw in it an easy and certain way of raising $20,000,000, but "a great election was pending in one of the great States of the Union where a large proportion of the population do not believe in a tax on beer; so it was sacrificed." That is to say, the brewers threatened Platt, Platt threatened the committee, and away went the tax. But if the committee could not raise revenue by increasing taxes, neither could it by lowering them. The maximum revenue rate on whiskey had been shown to be 70 cents a gallon. The present rate is $1.10, which had diminished the revenue and doubled the number of illicit stills. The Secretary of the Treasury recommended a 70-cent rate in the interest of revenue, but the Senate was powerless to take this $20,000,000 or $25,000,000 of added revenue. Powerful trade and political combinations were against the reduction, and so reduction in the interest of revenue could not be had.

That sweeping anti-Trust amendment to the tariff, which was going to prevent any monopoly from accepting the favors offered it, has been dropped. There were "vigorous protests" from Western Senators, but, you see, it would take too much time to discuss such an amendment now. This is clever management. When the duties favoring Trusts were pending, all objection was answered by saying that the judiciary committee were laboring night and day on an amendment which would make the Trusts fairly howl. Now, after the Trust-demanded duties are all safely in the bill, it appears that really the time is too short to throttle the Trusts this session. The clauses of the Wilson bill dealing with this subject are to be reenacted, but as they have been denounced as ineffective by Republicans over and over again, none but those who love to be deceived will be deceived. Altogether, the Republicans are getting into beautiful shape for the fall elections in the West.

"As far as I can see," said Dr. Johnson, "foreigners are fools." The Senate finance committee must think so, and that natives are fools, too, if it imagines that anybody at home or abroad will be imposed upon by the reciprocity amendment adopted on Friday. It is the final and fitting touch of humbug to what has been a work of humbug from the beginning. Observe merely how the arbitrary power given President Harrison by the McKinley reciprocity clause is slyly but thoroughly taken away from President McKinley. Mr. Harrison was empowered, whenever he might "deem" that other countries were not treating us fairly, to levy certain specified duties upon their products "for such time as he shall deem just." No more of that for Mr. McKinley. He may enter into treaties to admit "goods, wares, and merchandise" at 20 per cent. reduction of duty, but such reduction shall take effect only when such treaty or treaties "shall have been *duly ratified*." That is, the Senate retains control of the whole thing. When Senators who have moved heaven and earth to get prohibitive duties are willing to give them up, we may have reciprocity, but not till then. One more than one-third of the Senate will be able to upset any arrangement that the President may make.

Complete returns of the federal revenue and expenditure, during the fiscal year which ended June 30, enable us to measure the exact influence of the recent abnormally heavy importations under the threat of a retroactive tariff. Up to the close of February last, customs receipts during the fiscal year had fallen some $23,000,000 below the corresponding period of the year preceding. In the four months following February, on the other hand, the customs revenue ran $38,271,728 beyond the same four months in 1896; the whole year, therefore, showing on customs account a very considerable net increase. Without the threat of higher duties, supplemented by that of retroactive charges, there is no reason to suppose that revenue from imports would have risen, during these last four months, beyond the record of a year ago; it might have fallen considerably lower. There is, then, in the fiscal accounts of 1897, at least thirty-eight millions of revenue which is wholly anticipative in its nature. Unless the taxes of the fiscal year now opening prove vastly more productive than the taxes of last year, the Treasury will obviously find some trouble in making both ends meet. The estimate of the coming year's expenditure, moreover, submitted last March by the appropriations committee, showed that outlay, under the regular appropriations, will increase $11,746,629 over the fiscal year just closed. These figures sufficiently explain the worry and bewilderment visible during the past week among the financial oracles of Congress.

The great strike of bituminous-coal miners comes appropriately at the close of the debate on the new tariff bill. The rate on coal in the existing tariff is 40 per cent. ad valorem. It has been raised in the Dingley bill to 67 cents per ton, which is about double the present rate. This is intended to compensate the owners of the mines for the difference in wages between Canada and this country. As the miners here are working for 60 cents per ton, the inference is that the Canadian miners are working for nothing and paying their employers 53 cents per ton for the privilege of mining. As the tariff bill is on the eve of passage, and as the advance of wages demanded by the miners is only nine cents, the wonder is that they do not wait a few days and see whether their employers do not make the advance voluntarily. Apparently, they have not the smallest confidence in the efficacy of the tariff to increase wages, else they would postpone the strike until the Dingley bill takes effect, and then, with a copy of it in their hands, go to Senator Hanna, who regulates such things in Ohio, and confidently demand the nine cents increase of wages. If Hanna would not secure it for them, they could then go to Dingley, and if he failed them, they might rightfully appeal to the President. If Hanna, Dingley, and McKinley should all fail to secure them a petty nine cents advance in wages, after doubling the tariff on coal, it would be in order to ask them Why Not? An answer to that question would be worth millions of dollars to the laboring men of this country, not only to coal-miners, but to everybody. But instead of appealing to the political influence of Hanna to secure their end by peaceful means, we find them looking to the political necessities of Hanna to protect them against the Ohio militia in case there should be a resort to violence. It is confidently asserted that, while Mr. Hanna is a candidate for reëlection to the Senate, there will be no serious attempt to put down a riot.

The President's selection of John Russell Young to be Librarian of Congress

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is the most deplorable surrender to the spoilsmen that he has yet been guilty of, and is the worst blow to civilized administration since President Harrison debauched the census by giving it over to Porter. The appointment is fitly entitled in the press "A place for Mr. Young." Precisely. He has no qualifications whatever for the position. He is nothing but a journalist who, for reasons which it is unnecessary to recall, long since ceased to hold anything like a permanent or high position in his profession. He established his "claim" upon Mr. McKinley by taking up his residence at Canton during the campaign of last year, and writing to a New York newspaper a daily letter filled with nauseating personal flattery of the Republican candidate. It would be bad enough to recognize this indecent "claim" by giving Mr. Young a political office, but to put him in charge of one of the greatest libraries in the world, just housed in a superb building, is public advertisement that that institution is to be manned by political appointees. With the librarianship itself awarded as a "place," what chance is there that the 187 subordinate positions will be filled in any other way? Mr. Spofford sought in vain to have these positions placed under civil-service regulations, in order that examinations for them might be held in the 700 cities of the country, and the Library might thus reap the inestimable advantage of securing the best expert talent that the entire country could supply. The President has overruled him, and taken the step that will go far to prevent the employment of any such talent whatever.

The President, by allying himself with Platt and his rotten machine at this time, has done all that he could to prevent the success of honest government in this city. Platt is the chief obstacle to the nomination and election on a non-partisan ticket of candidates pledged to give the city the best government possible; he is openly opposed to that kind of government, and, rather than allow it to succeed, has threatened to help Tammany to win. For the President of the United States to strengthen the hands of such a disreputable boss as Platt at the very moment when he is fighting desperately against honest government, is a most humiliating prostitution of the highest office in the land to base partisan uses. The President knows what kind of politician Platt is; knows what his methods are, and what his power rests upon. He knows that the most eminent and highly honored Republicans of this city have pronounced Platt's city organization to be so rotten, so based upon deliberately planned and wholesale frauds, that it "cannot command the confidence of the Republican party nor of the public," and that "honest and self-respecting Republicans cannot support" it; and in full knowledge of all these things, he leagues himself with Platt and not only against the honest men of his own party, but against every independent and every hard-money Democrat who voted for him last November.

The nomination by President McKinley of George R. Bidwell for Collector of the Port of New York is a case in point. The office is the most conspicuous and important place in the federal service in the metropolis of the nation, and the nation is always interested in the disposition which is made of it by each new Executive. Ever since Mr. McKinley's inauguration it has been universally recognized that his appointment to the New York collectorship would be the crucial test of his Administration, so far as the chief State in the Union is concerned. The President has given this place to a man who represents nothing but the machine which Platt has built up. This means an end of the admirable management of the great office on business principles, and the restoration of the spoils system just as far as ingenuity can evade the present restrictions. The Platt machine will now try to have the places of deputy collectors and cashiers removed from the range of competition, and there is too much reason to fear the success of the attempt. On Friday the President appointed Asa W. Tenney United States Circuit Judge of the Eastern District of New York. Mr. Tenney is a working politician of the "wheelhorse" type, whose chief claim to the position is a lifetime of "loyal devotion to the party." Nobody would ever have thought of selecting him for the position because of his legal attainments. It is very plain that Mr. McKinley is completely in the power of the bosses. They have "got him under" and they will stop at nothing in their demands upon him. President Harrison never allowed politics to interfere with his judicial appointments, and under him no such aspirant as Mr. Tenney would have stood any chance of appointment. No one seems to have proposed him to McKinley except Platt, for the appointment caused general surprise in Brooklyn and amazement in New York.

The welcome news comes from London that Croker has decided to return to this city and take charge in person of Tammany's campaign. He says, "Tammany is sure to win," and that he would not return unless he was convinced of that. This is frank and characteristic. So long as Tammany was out of power and the profits of the boss-ship were slim, he was willing that Sheehan should hold the position on a basis of joint share in the profits known only to Sheehan and himself; but the moment that he thinks there is a chance for Tammany to get back into power, he decides to resume control in order that he may get "all there is in it" for himself. It has been rumored in Tammany circles that the fortune which Croker accumulated while active boss has been much depleted by losses in horse-racing and horse-farming, and by extravagant living expenditures, and that he has been anxious to build up another one just so soon as conditions in New York would permit. Of course, we all know he built up his first one through "real-estate speculations," and it will possibly be a cheering piece of news to New York property-owners that he foresees a new opportunity of the same kind. A queer thing about the rise of his real estate is that it occurs when nobody else's appreciates in value. His return will be useful in impressing upon our voters a full realization of what the restoration of Tammany to power will mean, namely, the accumulation of new riches for Croker and Gilroy and other statesmen who are now living luxuriously upon the wealth which they got out of the business of ruling New York a few years ago.

The new civil-service rules for this State, adopted on Thursday, make the minimum marking for "merit" and "fitness" 35 per cent. for each. The appointing officers may in their discretion hold the "fitness" examination, or designate the State Civil-Service Commission to conduct both. Any appointing officer who wishes the good of the service will do the latter; any one who wishes to debauch the service will do the former. The rules provide, it is true, that he must, if he reserves the "fitness" examination for himself, certify to the commission that the ratings for fitness were determined by "competitive examination"; but as he determines what is fitness, he can easily arrange the competition so as to bring the right name out of the box. This is of course the object of the law—to restore to the appointing officer the right to pick out his own man, and relieve him from the obligation to take only a man proved fit by a test established by law. What the Court of Appeals will say to all this we do not know, but many lawyers who have examined the matter without bias have come to the conclusion that such rules constitute a mere verbal juggle, and are in flat defiance of the constitution.

To take only a single point, the new law and the rules under it are based on a totally imaginary distinction between two undistinguishable tests—that of "merit" and that of "fitness." Not only is no such distinction recognized in ordinary speech—the competitive system being generally spoken of as the "merit system," and appointments under it being said to depend on "fitness"—but the

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Constitution follows the common usage in making no distinction, and describing the test as a single one of "merit and fitness" determined by competition. To our minds the scheme would have had more semblance of constitutionality if the boards had been abolished and the appointing officer in every case been directed to hold a competitive examination. However this may be, we doubt if the new system will satisfy its friends in its working. They have not got rid of a real competition as the basis of the system, and in many branches of the civil service, wherever there is an honest head of a department, the "merit" and "fitness" examinations will be blended, which will in so far defeat the spoilsmen's objects.

The Democratic State convention in Ohio last week showed anew, like previous similar gatherings in Kentucky and Iowa, that Bryanism is in complete control of the old party organization throughout the country. There were controversies over candidacies, but they involved only questions of personal influence and ambition. As regards the endorsement of the whole Chicago platform of 1896, and particularly its free-coinage plank, the convention was unanimous and enthusiastic. In this attitude Ohio Democracy is consistent with the bad record which it has made for a generation. This year, accordingly, the voters are given a choice only between a Republicanism which offers Senator Hanna as the perfect flower of the party and evades committing itself to any financial policy by "pledging anew allegiance" to the platform on which the country was carried for McKinley last year; and a Democracy which presents that embodiment of financial unsoundness, Gen. A. J. Warner, as the maker of its platform, while various millionaires squabble among themselves for control of the machine, and of the governorship and senatorship, which are at stake in the election. The only redeeming feature of the situation is the declared purpose of the National Democrats to hold a convention and nominate a ticket on the basis of the Indianapolis platform of last year.

The recent meeting of the Georgia Bar Association furnished impressive evidence of the hold of the lynching spirit upon public sentiment in the South. One of the most prominent lawyers in the State made a speech in which he openly justified the execution by the mob of any man guilty of assault upon a woman, and declared that no change in the laws or in their administration would ever stop the practice. Other members of the association showed their concurrence with these ideas, and it really looked as though a body of lawyers might endorse the theory that laws cannot be so framed or enforced as to meet all the exigencies which may arise. Happily, there was one man who realized the disgrace which threatened the association—ex-Congressman N. J. Hammond—and a vigorous protest from him turned the tide, and led to the adoption of a resolution declaring that the body "condemn lynching in all its forms."

A dreadful report it is, in the account of the jubilee naval display at Portsmouth, that the official representative of the United States navy declared that he should "advise any country proposing to make war first to ask the counsel of England." Now if Admiral Miller really uttered this terrible sentiment, he is a candidate for direct censure by the Navy Department, and happily we have in Mr. Theodore Roosevelt an official thoroughly competent to administer the proper rebuke, and explain to our naval representative in the first place that his opinion is wholly unfounded; secondly, that, supposing it had any foundation, he had no business to express it. Every good American knows that if the patriots who administer the affairs of the United States wish to go to war, they have no occasion in the world to consult England. In fact, they have no business to consult England on any subject, whether of war or peace. Consult England, indeed! Is it possible that any Admiral of ours was pusillanimous enough to be overawed by the show navy of the jubilee? But even if he had been, it is most inexpedient for any of our representatives to lead England to suppose that we have any reason for deliberation when it comes to war. Any such ill-considered speech might indicate to the grasping government of Lord Salisbury, ever eager to seize any opportunity of taking advantage of a neighbor's weakness, that we were really unprepared for war—a fact to be used only to get big appropriations, never to be blurted out in public.

The protest of the delegates from the grain, produce, and milling trades of Germany against the Boerse reform law as "a serious and unwarrantable injury to trade," and their expression of sympathy with the Berlin corn and produce dealers in the struggle forced upon them by the Government, is a matter which ought to attract a great deal of attention all over the world. The German Boerse law is a law by which the Government fixes prices. This is the dream of Socialists everywhere; and if prices are to be fixed by anybody, there are no officials in the world better fitted for the work than those of Prussia. They are strictly honest and well-educated, and are supplied by the most thorough machinery in the world with the latest and most accurate information. The intention of the law is that they shall keep prices stable—neither too high nor too low, so that they will "just about" represent the actual immediate value; this, of course, breaks up "futures" and "options." Yet what is the result? Nothing but the usual dissatisfaction among those engaged in business, who complain that the act is an interference with the laws of trade. One of the things the delegates did last week was to record the opinion that "time bargains," or options, were a necessity in fixing prices, or, in other words, that the law tended to unsettle prices.

The Government, however, is said to be prepared for this treason, and the "Agrarians" have a card up their sleeve which they should certainly now play—that is, a regular universal international price treaty to fix quotations by agreement all over the world, and to stop "options" not merely in Berlin, but "from Alpha to Omaha." This idea is derived from the bimetallic proposals which have made such headway in the last few years, but it is better because it is more comprehensive. Indeed, the two plans ought to be united; the price of silver is what the currency reformers need to fix. Options on silver may not be common, but silver must be sold on "time," and the question of the ratio would be wholly immaterial if the price could be fixed once for all at twice what it now is. The truthful Prussian *Commissar* might object to this, on the ground that telling lies about prices is out of his province, but he must be induced to waive his prejudices.

The disastrous failure of the great Socialistic glass-works at Albi, France, is accounted for by its chief promoter, M. Jaurès, as caused by a refusal of credit to the concern. Those who furnished its raw material were not willing to extend the usual credit, and so the crash came. The moral is, according to M. Jaurès, that here is another attack on the fundamental rights of man. Among those he places "the right to credit," and it must be said he has in this phrase hit upon something much more deep-reaching than the famous "right to work" of 1848. Anybody can see that the right to labor, to choose your own employers and fix your own wages, precious as it is, does not compare in significance with the right to credit. Grant that freely, and the other rights of man could be surrendered without loss. It is reported, however, that this new article of the Socialistic creed is coldly received in its very cradle, so to speak; the keepers of the *cabarets*, where society is mainly being reformed in France, say brutally that the right to credit will never do at all as far as they are concerned. Oratory may be as free as men like, but drinks mean spot cash.

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MR. SHERMAN'S REPLY TO JAPAN.

Mr. Sherman's reply to the protest of Japan against the Hawaiian annexation treaty declares that the protest "strongly suggests confusion between the formal stipulations of treaties and the vested rights which the subjects of one country may acquire in another under treaty or the law of the land." He then quotes Halleck, Wheaton, and other authorities to show that the obligations of treaties expire in case either of the contracting parties loses its existence as an independent state, or in case its internal constitution is so changed as to render the treaty inapplicable to the new condition of things. "As to the vested rights," he says,

> "if any be established in favor of Japan or of Japanese subjects in Hawaii, the case is different, and I repeat what I said in my note of the 16th inst., that 'there is nothing in the proposed treaty prejudicial to the rights of Japan.' Treaties are terminable in a variety of ways; that of 1886 between Japan and Hawaii, to which your protest is supposed to relate, is denounceable by either party on six months' notice, but its extinction would no more extinguish vested rights previously acquired under its stipulations than the repeal of a municipal law affects rights of property vested under its provisions."

This reply is open to the criticism that it tells the Japanese what they know already, and refuses them information or guarantees against the danger foreseen by them, and which has led to their protest. The Japanese have not intimated that the treaties of a country survive its absorption by another, except as obligations binding upon the annexing country, in favor of rights acquired under them; and what Japan wants to be assured of is the survival of these rights. To this Mr. Sherman virtually replies, Don't be alarmed; treaties will disappear, but vested rights cannot disappear, because they are vested, and a right once vested is vested, and that is the end of it.

The correspondence which led up to this final declaration about vested rights makes the attitude of our Government in the whole dispute quite clear. On June 15 the Japanese Minister called Mr. Sherman's attention to the rumor that Hawaii was to be immediately annexed by a treaty affecting rights acquired by the Government of Japan, and by Japanese subjects, by means of treaties with Hawaii and "under the Constitution and laws of that country." He, therefore, said that he must repeat what he had already "had the honor to state" (in a previous interview), that Japan "cannot view without concern" the prospect of annexation, and must inquire what provision has been made in the treaty "for the preservation and maintenance of the rights acquired and enjoyed by Japan in her intercourse with Hawaii under the solemn sanctions of law and of treaty." To this Mr. Sherman briefly replied on June 16 that the treaty had been signed, and that, according to his understanding

> "The Government of the United States does not take upon itself any obligations of the Hawaiian Government arising from treaties or conventions made by it with other governments. It is believed that there is nothing in the treaty prejudicial to the rights of Japan."

On receiving this reply the Japanese Minister communicated with his Government, and on June 19 wrote again to our Secretary of State, stating that he had been instructed to formally protest against the annexation for the following reasons:

> "First—The maintenance of the *status quo* of Hawaii is essential to the good understanding of the Powers which have interests in the Pacific.
> "Second—The annexation of Hawaii would tend to endanger the residential, commercial, and industrial rights of Japanese subjects in Hawaii, secured to them by treaty and by the Constitution and laws of that country.
> "Third—Such annexation might lead to the postponement by Hawaii of the settlement of claims and liabilities already existing in favor of Japan under treaty stipulations."

Mr. Sherman's reply to this protest, which we have analyzed above, deals mainly with the second and third of these points. We have not thought it worth while to go into what he says about the first, because obviously Japan knows just as much about what is essential to the good understanding of the Powers which have interests in the Pacific as Mr. Sherman does. This branch of the protest is merely a polite way of saying that the maintenance of the *status quo* is essential to the continuance of a good understanding between Japan and the United States. There is no reply to such a statement, except the one which Mr. Sherman makes, that the Powers other than Japan have not objected; which is merely tantamount to saying that as long as nobody but Japan protests, the understanding is good enough for our purposes.

The sum and substance of the whole correspondence is that we snap our fingers at Japan. It must be remembered that there is no such thing as a right to annex a country, and that Japan, if its interests are affected, has just as much right to prevent our annexing as we have to annex. So far as interests go, Japan has apparently greater interests than we. Consequently, when we talk of the effect of annexation in wiping out a treaty, all that we mean is that we are going to wipe it out, and that the Japanese can do what they please about it; when we say that "vested rights" under the treaty will be preserved, we mean that our courts and legislatures will respect what they regard as vested rights, and no others. In other words, the Japanese rights in Hawaii are now protected by treaties having behind them, of course, the readiness of Japan to prevent their violation; for this we propose to substitute our will. What the precise result may be, what view the courts and Congress may take of the whole subject of Japanese rights in Hawaii, is neither here nor there. We propose to dispose of those rights ourselves. If Japan objects, and we refuse to discuss the matter, we defy her. But defiance is the very "note" of the new foreign policy, and this is what gives our dispute with Japan most of its importance. Another marked feature of it is contempt for all treaties, or rights acquired under them, which would interfere with a general attitude of defiance. If England objects to our taking possession of the Nicaragua route, and points to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, defy her to do anything about it; if half-a-dozen foreign governments protest against our tariff, and recall the "most-favored nation" clause, pay no attention to what they say; if Japan makes a polite inquiry about her rights in Hawaii, laugh at her.

It is a fact observed long before Mr. Sherman was born, that governments whose power rests on corruption and intrigue, and which, therefore, need to divert public attention from domestic affairs, generally try to do it by means of a violent foreign policy. This they expect will make them popular at home. But as it is not the violence but the success of a foreign policy which makes it popular, and as the corruption by which they live prevents their permanent success in anything, the end is not usually what they hope for.

THE FISCAL YEAR 1897.

With Wednesday, June 30, closed the Government's fiscal year 1897. The excess of expenditures over receipts for this fiscal year, reported at Washington on Thursday, was $18,623,108, against a deficit of $25,203,245 in the fiscal year 1896, $42,805,223 in 1895, and $69,803,260 in 1894, the low level of our Government's finances. This steady cutting down of the annual deficit has resulted chiefly from the natural increase in the revenue as trade revived; the receipts of 1897, for instance, rising some $68,000,000 over those of 1894. As compared, however, with the two preceding fiscal years, the rising revenue has been seriously handicapped by the renewed extravagance of the Congress whose term expired last March. Between 1894 and 1896, annual Government expenditures had been cut down upwards of $15,000,000; for the fiscal year just closed, the Fifty-fourth Congress deliberately increased the annual outlay nearly fourteen millions, and, unfortunately, the appropriations for the coming year are even larger.

Nevertheless, results for the fiscal year just closed are far more favorable than seemed possible a year ago. In submitting his estimates to Congress, December 15, 1896, Secretary Carlisle predicted for the year ending June 30, 1897, on the basis of existing laws, a total revenue of $318,000,000, total expenditure

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of $382,500,000, and hence a deficit of $64,500,000. As a matter of fact, the revenue has run twenty-nine millions beyond his estimate, while expenditure has fallen nearly seventeen millions below it. So far as the revenue is concerned, it is clear that "existing laws" have not applied; for since the opening of March, customs receipts have nearly doubled under the whip of the retroactive tariff clause. In the matter of expenditure, the Secretary based his estimate on very insufficient data—a criticism which must stand against the great majority of his financial forecasts. The fact, however, that the revenue this year has been artificially expanded upwards of thirty millions by customs receipts normally chargeable to the coming fiscal year, and that appropriations for the coming year have been materially increased over 1897, throws considerable doubt over next year's results. Senator Aldrich has with sufficient clearness pointed out these doubts to Congress.

Very rarely has any nation witnessed such extraordinary ups and downs of fortune as have befallen our Treasury during the past ten years. In 1888 the Secretary's annual report showed a surplus of income over expenditure, before meeting the sinking-fund requirement, of $119,612,116; in 1894 this surplus had become a deficit of $69,803,260. This represented a change for the worse upon the Treasury's annual balance-sheet, within six years, of upwards of $189,000,000—a fluctuation, we are confident, never before experienced by a modern state except in time of war. It is true, our revenue system is peculiarly sensitive to industrial conditions. The surplus revenue in 1870 was $101,601,917; in 1874, a year marked, like the fiscal year 1894, by the low ebb of trade depression, the surplus fell to $2,344,882. In both these panic years the decrease in the ordinary sources of revenue was exceptionally great, simply because the blight upon the nation's consuming power dried up the springs of revenue from both home and foreign trade. There is, however, one striking difference in the finances of these two periods—a difference which goes far to explain both the enormous deficits of recent years, which did not occur in 1874, and the recent prolongation of the troubles of the Treasury. The decrease in the federal revenue during the panic periods of the seventies was very heavy; much heavier, in fact, than the decrease after 1888. But this fall of revenue a generation since was largely offset by decrease in the annual expenditure, between 1870 and 1874, of $22,500,000. No one will fail to remember how very differently the Congresses of recent times dealt with this question of expenditure. Between 1888 and 1894, the annual revenue declined some $81,500,000; within the very same period, annual expenditure actually increased nearly $108,000,000. The Government's disbursements on ordinary account, under the appropriations of the last Congress, have reached this very fiscal year a total of $13,000,000 in excess of the outlay during 1896.

There is no use in blinking these facts. Had the Congress of 1890 and the two ensuing years placed even a moderate restraint upon the tendency to extravagance, the surplus would indeed have been heavily reduced, but no such embarrassment as a forty or sixty million deficit would have been heard of. This is no matter of mere assertion; the Treasury's own returns are witness to it. There was in 1894 a deficit of $69,803,260; had annual expenditure been in 1894 what it was in 1888, the Treasury would have returned at the year's close no deficit whatever, but a surplus of $38,068,061. In this fiscal year 1897 the Treasury reports a deficit of $18,600,000; if the year's expenditures, instead of rising to the $365,000,000 shown by the annual report, had been kept down to the $259,653,958 returned in the report of 1888, its operations would have left a handsome surplus revenue of $87,000,000.

We appeal to the common sense of our public men and newspaper critics to demand that an end be put to the humbug about "deficient revenue." The individual who lives habitually and deliberately beyond his means will always find his revenue deficient when settlement-day comes around; if his income rise to fifty thousand, against a bare five thousand a few years since, he will still be borrowing and struggling with his creditors. In private life no phenomenon is more familiar; but the principle applies no less distinctly to governments than to individuals.

Eight or nine years ago, the cry was raised on every stump and in every market that the Government's revenue was too large, and there was ample ground for the complaint. A very unjust and stupid bill was introduced to cut down this excessive revenue; but unjust and stupid as it was, it did after a fashion serve its purpose. Congress, however, did not stop with that. The instant it was learned that the Administration had instructed a willing Congress to "reduce the surplus," an army of pension jobbers and lobbying contractors descended on the capitol to tell the nation's legislators how to manage the reduction. Within five years—from 1888 to 1893—the annual expenditure for pensions had increased $78,069,049, while annual miscellaneous disbursements, including all the huge contractors' undertakings, had risen $30,780,539.

That this was done at the very moment when the spokesman of the party then in control of legislation was estimating a reduction of $42,000,000 in the annual revenue, would seem to argue something not far short of legislative insanity. Yet it was these very congressional Pecksniffs who turned mournfully to the people, when financial panic had set its seal on their own stupid extravagance, and lifted up their voices to bewail the "deficit-making administration" which had inherited the wreck from them. If good times in general trade return, we shall undoubtedly see, with or without a Dingley tariff, a heavy increase in the revenue; we may report another surplus. But how long does any one suppose a surplus will continue with the appropriation machinery of Congress in its present state? Is it to be conceived that legislators who will increase annual public outlay $26,000,000 within two years, on the heels of a $69,000,000 deficit, will turn their greedy eyes away from an exchequer which reports a surplus?

ABUSE OF THE TAXING POWER.

None of the principles laid down and enforced in Mr. D. A. Wells's articles on taxation now appearing in the *Popular Science Monthly* is more important than that of singleness of purpose. As he states it, the power of taxation should not be invoked for police purposes, but should be strictly limited to the raising of revenue to meet legitimate state expenditures. The wisdom of this rule is illustrated by Mr. Wells through many references to judicial decisions and to the experience of the past. But the experience of the present, as shown by the debate now going on in the Senate over the tariff bill, and, indeed, by the bill itself, is perhaps more suggestive than anything that has hitherto taken place in our history. The pages of the *Congressional Record* are crammed with crude arguments for accomplishing all sorts of ends under the form of raising revenue, and some account of these arguments may be of service in drawing popular attention to the mischiefs on which Mr. Wells dilates.

The cry which many of our statesmen now believe to be most popular is, of course, that against trade combinations to raise prices and to secure monopolies. On this issue the Republican party necessarily occupies an invidious position. It is in the act of adopting a measure that is undeniably intended to raise prices by eliminating competition, and its opponents are untiring in their attempts to expose the encouragement to trade combinations which such measures involve. As the Republicans profess no less zeal than their opponents in the campaign against these combinations, the dilemma presented to them is certainly an awkward one, but the dialectical skill which they exhibit in avoiding it and in beclouding the whole subject, must command admiration. Under the pressure of debate they have finally secured a strategic position that must be regarded as substantially impregnable, at least so far as the artillery of the Populists is concerned.

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The chief features of this position are as follows: Nothing is more detestable than a combination to raise prices; but every American must concede that a combination of foreigners for this purpose when they are supplying our markets is more shocking than a combination among our own citizens. If we are to be plundered, it is obviously better that the spoils should be kept in our own country. We may, perhaps, be able to compel some of our wicked corporations to disgorge a part of their ill-gotten gains, or even to prevent them from carrying out their nefarious conspiracies. But the foreigners are beyond our control. We cannot make them restore their plunder, and in some of the effete monarchies of Europe, trade combinations to regulate prices are actually encouraged and protected by law. But if we put high duties on the goods which they sell to us, we have them at a disadvantage. We can then restore to our people some of the money which has been extorted from them if imports continue; and if we exclude foreign competition, it is the A B C of protective doctrine that our own citizens will then eagerly compete with one another and bring down prices to a satisfactory level.

Senator Platt of Connecticut has stated this argument in a most telling way. Soda ash is a commodity much used in the manufacture of soap, and large quantities are now imported. The bill before the Senate imposes a tax of three-eighths of a cent a pound on this article, which, selling in Liverpool at one-fifth of a cent a pound, there would result an estimated protection of 185 per cent. By one of the curious inconsistencies that mar the symmetry of the protective system, this statement was presented to the Senate by Mr. Sewell of New Jersey, with the additional information that all the soda ash in this country was made by three large corporations. By one of the defects that equally disfigure the application of Populism, Senator Stewart of Nevada supported the increased duty, with the cheerful remark, "Do not be afraid of Nevada getting too much." But Senator Platt was equal to the occasion. He routed the opposition with the statement that the United Alkali Company of Great Britain was the most powerful Trust or combination in the world, "probably the closest and most grinding monopoly on the face of the earth." Those who opposed the duty of 185 per cent. were therefore trying to destroy the manufacture in this country in order that it might be entirely monopolized by this abominable foreign combination. Were they successful in reducing the duty, this monstrous corporation would crush the American manufacture and then raise the price of soap to the American people higher than it ever was before.

We confess that Senator Platt seems to us to have got the better of the anti-monopoly Senators. They made no attempt to meet this argument, and it is difficult to see what answer they could make. Senator Lindsay did indeed point out that the importation of soda ash had declined one-third under the present tariff; but Senator Lindsay probably believes in discouraging monopoly by having free trade, and his argument was irrelevant from the anti-monopoly standpoint. From that point of view the chief aim of a revenue bill is to strike down combinations. If it can be shown that they will be checked by protective duties, then protective duties must be applied. Fallacy for fallacy, we do not see why that of the Republicans should not be more popular than that of their opponents. We must have revenue, and if it be true, as the Populists contend, that every branch of trade is now in the hands of corporate monopolies, the proposal to take off all duties on commodities in the manufacture or sale of which a combination exists would bankrupt the Treasury. The Republican tariff bill is a discreditable and injurious measure; but many of the arguments used against it in the Senate are based on quite as mischievous a theory of the taxing power as that of the protectionists. In truth, at bottom these theories are the same.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

The second issue of *Municipal Affairs*, published quarterly by the Reform Club of New York, contains a discussion of municipal policy that is of unusual interest. On the one hand, Mr. Edward M. Grout argues that New York should own the gas supply. On the other hand, Mr. Allen Ripley Foote contends that no government should operate an industry. The very titles of these arguments show the chaotic state of thought upon the whole subject of municipal policy. The issue between the combatants is not clearly apprehended. Mr. Foote may succeed in proving his point; but Mr. Grout's point relates to ownership, not to operation. As a matter of fact the contestants do meet at close-quarters; but their differences are for the most part over matters of fact, although some of their principles are irreconcilable.

The claim that cities should own the chief appliances for promoting the welfare and convenience of their inhabitants, like the agitation in favor of progressive taxation of rents, has its origin in the concentration of wealth and population resulting from the immense development of the means of transportation. This concentration has greatly increased the value of land in our cities, and it has at the same time increased the value of such rights in land as have been acquired by the gas companies and the street railways. To a considerable extent, although not to the degree assumed by Mr. Grout, these rights are exclusive, like the ownership of land in general, and unless properly regulated may result in oppressive monopolies. Probably there would now be quite general assent to the abstract proposition that no grant of exclusive rights should be made by a city, or for a city by the State Legislature, without provision for terminating the grant at some future period and at some fixed price. The conviction that there is an "unearned increment," an increased value arising from the general advance in civilization, and not from the exertions of proprietors, is now too strong to make it safe to grant franchises in perpetuity and for no apparent consideration, were it otherwise desirable to do so.

While this conviction will probably check such grants in the future, it is too hasty to assume that the purchase of existing plants and franchises is desirable. We must remember that the rate of interest has now fallen to a lower point than ever before, and that we cannot look for an indefinite increase in the value of lands or franchises. The franchise of the elevated railroad may presently lose much of its value by the construction of an underground system. The gas companies may suffer from new discoveries in lighting, Hardly anything but water is certain to be needed in the same form and under the same conditions as at present. For these reasons the policy of purchasing the rights of existing "monopolies" is a dangerous one. The city may make bad bargains, and although it may seem wealthy because of its landed possessions, it is, strictly speaking, no better off than if the title of these were vested in individual citizens. The sum total of wealth would be the same, and to regard the city as a whole as richer on this account, is like reckoning the national debt as a part of the national wealth. The rents received by the municipality would be no greater than those received by private owners, and whether the disposition of these rents would be more for the general good or not, experience proves would depend on circumstances.

It does not seem to be always recognized in these discussions, that charges made by a city for necessaries, such as gas and transportation, must be sufficient to meet all expenses, whether the books are properly kept or not. Some cities, like Philadelphia, figure out a profit on their gas business by omitting to allow for taxes and interest on plant. But whatever remission of taxes or disregard of interest so takes place has to be somehow made up. The taxes on individual citizens must be increased until the losses are repaid, and under such circumstances gas may be nominally cheap and really expensive. Disregard of these obvious truths vitiates almost all the statistics on this subject,

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and both Mr. Grout and Mr. Foote are occasionally misled by imperfect data. Mr. Grout, following Mr. Albert Shaw, omits an item of some 221,000,000 francs from the capitalization of the Paris gas company; but Mr. Foote, triumphantly exposing this error, appears to have fallen into another by including contributions to a sinking fund under the head of dividends.

In the case of Philadelphia, it is difficult to resist Mr. Foote's conclusion that the actual cost of gas to the citizens is $1.479 per 1,000 feet, although they nominally pay but $1. To this Mr. Grout has no answer to make, except one that cuts the ground from under his own feet. He admits that the city government has the matter in its own hands, and explains its failure to manage better as due to corrupt influences. It is obvious that these influences are a constantly acting cause, and unless this cause can be removed our municipal governments are not likely to give us good businesslike administration. As Mr. Foote says, "If the Government is not strong enough nor wise enough to regulate and supervise the business of a monopoly properly, it is not strong nor wise enough to own and operate the business of a monopoly economically." It is absurd to say, as Mr. Grout does, that corporations are the cause of misgovernment. The bad character of the men chosen by the people as their representatives is the cause, and all schemes to improve our government that do not make allowance for this fact will prove futile.

In addition to their liability to political influences, industrial enterprises conducted by Government must necessarily be carried on without the stimulus to efficiency and economy furnished by the desire of making a profit. Every private enterprise must either fail or return a profit on the capital invested. Hence the persons engaged in it are constantly on the alert to improve their methods and to diminish their expenses. If they do not give their attention to this, they will presently find themselves deprived of their occupation and their wealth. But as all governmental undertakings must be carried on under legislative direction, the employees are prevented from introducing that elasticity which is essential to success in modern business. Nor have they any particular inducement to labor for economy. Their compensation does not depend on the profitableness of the service which they render. The public business goes on without interruption, although it may be evidently a losing business, and it would be unjust to punish public officers for results due not so much to their lack of ability and zeal as to difficulties inherent in the system of carrying on business under legislative direction.

The subject touched upon by Messrs. Grout and Foote is a very broad one, and it is quite evident that it will arouse very earnest discussion. We have merely glanced at some of its aspects for the purpose of directing attention to the fact that the principles determining municipal policy are the elementary and fundamental principles of government and of human nature. Comparisons of statistical returns, as at present made, are as confusing as the evidence of expert witnesses under our present system of employing them *ex parte*. Before we can judge of the success of municipalities, either in this country or in others, in carrying on their public works, we need to have their accounts and reports examined by competent auditors. If *Municipal Affairs* will promote examinations of this kind, it will render the cause of good municipal government much service.

TITLES.

Arkansas is probably the last place in the world where one would have expected to find evidences of a movement to restrict the use of titles. Hence, the mere fact that the State teachers' convention at Little Rock has raised the question of the right of those other than teachers in colleges and universities to the title of "Professor," and has decided it in the negative, cannot but be regarded as significant. The decision itself is not very important, for the limitation laid down in it is so generous and elastic that it would take in almost every one known among his friends as a professor; but the fact that the question raises a doubt in Arkansas, and calls for consideration, is an indication that the whole American way of looking at titles is changing.

There was a time, not so very long ago either, when it was hard to say whether titles in this country were looked upon seriously at all. There was practically a voluntary system of titles, under which, if a man chose to call himself, or was called by his friends, Professor, Colonel, Captain, Major, or Commodore, he became entitled to rank socially as such, and to question his right would have been an impertinence, tending in many parts of the country, not merely to a breach of the peace, but to murder. All foreign critics and social caricaturists noticed this peculiarity and made great fun of it. Was it not the gallant Colonel Diver who published the daily *Sewer*, which used to give an account in extras of the horsewhippings of which he was the victim? But did we ourselves take these titles seriously? We doubt it. We knew that they were not real, but, at the same time, we half expected visitors to enter into the spirit of our little social deception, and were rather surprised when they failed to do so. We were prone to attribute their failure to the dulness common among foreigners, especially in the case of the English.

One reason which made it difficult for them to appreciate our system was that it existed nowhere else. In every other country titles were regarded as serious matters, and always had been. Even in France under the first Republic, when titles of nobility were abolished and Frenchmen and Frenchwomen called each other "Citizen" and "Citizeness," they did not introduce a new voluntary system; they did not call each other by militia, or marine, or educational titles. The American system was the first of its kind in the world, and, while it lasted, seemed admirably adapted to our circumstances. The trouble was that our circumstances changed. Steam and the telegraph brought us into close relations with all the other countries in the world, and, just as this had an effect on alienating us from dearly loved old institutions like slavery, so it affected our attachment to our own title system.

The historical method must be applied without fear or favor, and not even patriotism will permit us to doubt that the old American voluntary system of titles is disappearing, as it comes more and more into conflict with the European systems. Is there anything to take its place except some real system like theirs, but based on our actual life and manners? Some such real system the Arkansas teachers must have had in mind.

What that system will be, when completely evolved and perfected, it would be foolish to attempt to predict, but there are many things which it will certainly not be. It will not, for instance, be English, because English titles are mainly hereditary; and so deeply rooted in the English mind is the worship of family, ancestry, and breeding that in England a title obtained by inheritance is more valued than a title obtained by merit—perhaps because anybody may get a title by merit, but nobody in the world but the Duke of Norfolk's son can be the Duke of Norfolk. Military and naval titles come next, and last of all come the educational titles so much affected in Germany and with us. An Englishman does not think much of teaching, and many an English professor prefers to see "Esq." after his name rather than "Prof." before it.

In France, under the Republic, hereditary titles have been again abolished, but those who are in the "swim" and in the "know" are very careful to keep up the traditions of hereditary France. On the Faubourg, a duke is still a duke, and there are really in France two systems of titles, one that of the old world and one that of the existing official régime. But, strangely enough, the old is socially still the more real of the two. We cannot import anything of the sort into this country.

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In Germany there is an hereditary system and a military system (there is, of course, a military system in every country), and a system in which the title is derived from the occupation or station or position. The first is so elaborate that nobody can safely address a letter to a person of good birth and inherited title in Germany without getting the assistance of a German in his "set." The last is, to a foreigner, very complicated. To call a professor's wife "Professorin" seems, to our ideas, a singular custom, and the various titles connected with civil functions are very complicated. The German system is not for us.

If we were to hazard a guess, we should say that in the end the idea which is evidently at the bottom of the Arkansas attempt at classification would be most likely to triumph; that is, that nothing but real titles—*i. e.*, titles conferred by some one or some body held in respect—would survive. This is the exact opposite of the old voluntary system, under which any one took what title he pleased, and which is more or less in vogue now. Political and professional titles, like Governor, Senator, or Judge, may stick to a man after he is out of office, and even for life, but there is nothing to oblige him or any one else to use them, and they have some reality behind them. Hereditary titles do not and cannot exist; military and naval titles are generally real now, when there are any; and "Professor" will, we fancy, in time be limited more and more to those who get it by holding known positions in the world of education. On the whole, we are lucky to be free of many of the questions about titles which complicate life in Europe so much. Certainly we are not oppressed as yet by them.

GEORGE MARTIN LANE.

In the death of Prof. Lane in Cambridge on Wednesday, June 30, Harvard loses one of her oldest and most loyal sons, the last of the great teachers whose term of service began in the middle of the century. George Martin Lane was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1823, on December 24 (the birthday, as he was wont to remark, of the Emperor Galba), and graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1846. After graduation he gave some instruction in Latin in the college, and then went to Göttingen, where he received the degree of Ph.D. in 1851. His doctor's thesis, entitled *Smyrnacorum res gestae et antiquitates*, still remains an authority, and is cited as such in the latest German handbooks on ancient history and geography. In the same year he was appointed University professor of Latin in Harvard College, became Pope professor in 1869, and resigned in 1894, receiving the degree of LL.D. and the title of emeritus professor. He was thus engaged in the active duties of his profession for more than forty-three years, and even after his retirement he gave valuable instruction to the most advanced students of the classics in the Graduate School.

As a teacher, Prof. Lane had all that fine literary appreciation which characterizes the English school, combined, however, with the minute and exact knowledge of the Germans. Besides his never-failing good nature, he had two gifts which, perhaps more than any others, awoke the admiration of his undergraduate pupils—his prodigious memory and his great originality of thought. He seemed familiar with every literature, and apposite quotations from the most various sources, now drawn, maybe, from the New England Primer, and now from the greatest of the classics, were made to illuminate the passage under discussion. The atmosphere of his class-room was thus distinctly literary, and his teaching had none of that deadly dulness which is too often the product of German learning. It was seasoned, too, with his own peculiar wit, of which so many legends come rising to the mind of every Harvard man. But it never degenerated into literary twaddle, and nobody hated looseness of method and inexactness of statement more than he. To his originality many scholars widely scattered over the land can bear testimony, recalling that it was he who first showed them that there were things to be learned that were not to be found set down in any book—that he initiated them, in fact, into the modern methods of individual research, and taught them to seek the truth for themselves. He rarely wasted time in putting questions which could be answered offhand; he never hesitated to suggest problems which nobody present, not even himself, could solve. He made it clear that there were vast untrodden fields on every side, and tempted his pupils on to exploration.

The originality which Prof. Lane displayed in his teaching was preëminent, too, in his character as a scholar. Although he was perfectly familiar with the modern literature of his subjects, and kept up to the last his acquaintance with the most recent authorities, American and foreign, yet it was evident that he made unto himself no idols. *Nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri*, his reading in the classics was so wide and intelligent, and he had pondered upon them so long and deeply, that he was thoroughly permeated with their modes of expression as well as with their thought and spirit. Besides this fundamental, he had the keenest critical acumen, so that his colleagues and correspondents accepted his dicta (modestly expressed, as they always were) like the deliverances of an oracle. He was known for his free and ready communication of the results of his studies, and a timely word from him has saved many a scholar from the publication of mistaken theories or ill-digested views. It is owing, too, to his teaching and reputation, probably more than to any other factor, that the schools and colleges of this country have shaken off the barbarian "English pronunciation" of the Latin tongue. A still greater gift to scholarship at large was his generous coöperation in the production of Harper's Latin lexicons, the second of which was dedicated to him by his friend, the grateful editor. Prof. Lane read over and corrected a great part of the large lexicon in proof; of his assistance on the School lexicon (by far the more original and trustworthy book) Dr. Lewis writes in his preface that "if it shall be found, within its prescribed limits, to have attained in any degree that fulness, that minute accuracy, and that correspondence with the ripest scholarship and the most perfect methods of instruction which are its aims, the result is largely due to his [Prof. Lane's] counsel and assistance."

Regret has often been expressed that Prof. Lane published so little under his own name, and regret was deepened when one read, at rare intervals, some printed word of his in elucidation of a difficulty or in emendation of a corrupt passage, and appreciated the skilful and convincing manner in which the thing was done. All who have sat under him know that he was very happy in the art of emendation; and those who have been vouchsafed a look at his favorite texts of the authors, cannot but feel that a rich crop of marginalia might be gleaned from them. But it was for a work of a different sort that his friends and the friends of classical education had long been looking to him—for his Latin grammar. There is no doubt that the delay in the publication of this book was due to the author's vast knowledge, increasing with his years, of the subject on which he was engaged. This, together with his horror of inexactness and of the preaching of false doctrine, led him to turn his stylus so often, and to correct and amplify so much in obedience to new discoveries in phonetics and in syntax, that as a result he no longer lives to see his book appear. It is good to know, however, that his labors are not wasted; for the work, long in type, is to be, we understand, a posthumous publication. Thus, even in the future, his teaching will continue as unselfishly as in the past.

This was, indeed, a great teacher and scholar, but by no means one of those who confine themselves for ever to the austere retreat of wisdom. He threw off the mantle as easily as he had worn it in the professor's chair. His broad, general culture, his geniality, and his never-failing politeness and *savoir-faire* made him a delightful companion. A walk with him in the college yard or in the streets of Cambridge was a unique experience in its kind. Nothing escaped his observation, and his knowledge of the history of both town and gown was almost as remarkable in its minutiæ as his knowledge of Latin itself. A good-sized book might easily have been filled with the anecdotes which he alone could tell to perfection. He knew or had known everybody who was worth knowing (and many who were not); wherever he went he was a welcome and respected guest; but above all he was *intus domique praestantior*. Where his friendship was once given, it was loyal and never swerving, and no man had warmer and more devoted friends than he. He was renowned for his wit and humor, even from those early days of "Clover Den" wherein he lived with Whitney, Winlock, and Gould—the den which saw the legendary Roman dinner, in the days when he wrote the famous ballad of the "Lone Fishball." But inimitable as he was in the hour of mirth, he was acquainted, too, with sorrow; and his own deep afflictions, borne like a brave man, had taught him to be a gentle and tender sympathizer with the sick or the bereaved. Thus, after a useful life, in an honored old age, a loving and beloved friend, he has gone—a master after whom many a voice cries out the due "Si placeo, tuum est."

IN BOSNIA.

JUNE, 1897.

"And where *is* Bosnia?" This is the ques-

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tion which greets the traveller on his return from that far-away province. Geographically speaking, Bosnia lies between latitude 42° 30′ and 45° 15′ north, and longitude 16° and 21° east. But to him whose memory is full of visions of lofty mountains, of wild and picturesque valleys, of tall, white minarets and snowy domes, of streets gay with turbans and haunted by mysteriously veiled females, such an answer seems inexpressive and inadequate. Bosnia? It lies in the sunshine, it is where skies are blue, and costumes bright; and you reach it by a journey which grows constantly more interesting and delightful, even when one is weary and hungry and sleepy after the long thirty-six hours' ride from Vienna.

M. Guillaume Capus, writing in *Le Tour du Monde*, prefaces his articles with this quotation from Roqueplan: "Description teaches nothing to those who have not seen, and disarranges the impressions of those who have." Nevertheless, M. Capus takes heart of grace, and in some six long and interesting numbers describes his visit to Bosnia and Herzegovina. Not being M. Capus, the present writer has the audacity only to present a few of the impressions received during a month's sojourn in that far-away region, and asks kind indulgence for an enthusiasm (perhaps too great) over this first glimpse of the Orient, this first taste of the East lying at the very gate of the West, and held so firmly just now in Austria's grasp.

The history of Bosnia is a long one, dating to the early centuries before Christ. Ruins and bridges of the period of Roman occupation are still found, and many curious relics are preserved in the Government museum at Serayevo. In 1389 the country fell under the sway of the Turks, and passed through many vicissitudes. In 1697 the army of Prince Eugene invested the capital city, Serayevo, and many memories connected with that war centre here. By the treaty of 1878, the two provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, at that time belonging to Turkey, were placed under the *protection* of Austria. "Under its heel," we might add, when the army officers say, so proudly, "The Turks? They cannot so much as move a stone in the road without our consent!" But, at all events, the heel, which certainly is of iron, is softly shod, for in many ways the Austrians do well and kindly by their vassals. It is true that one must not speak lightly of the powers above; an unwise or hasty word may be followed by swift disappearance and imprisonment. One cannot forget that the sway is military when the traveller is challenged at his entrance into or exit from the railway stations. But, often, one loses sight of all this, and thinks only of the hundred improvements and conveniences, and the paternal interest of the Government, which have characterized the Austrian rule.

Leaving Vienna early one morning, by eleven o'clock the following day one is in Serayevo, the capital of Bosnia. From the dawning of that second day all is novelty and charm. Through wild and beautiful scenery, past Doboi and Maglai and under the frowning fortress of Vranduk, the train speeds on. Mists are rising from behind the lofty rocks on which stands this fortress of Vranduk. The streets in the little town are so steep that mothers are wont to tie their children fast, lest they slip down its perilous ways. And now at the railroad stations, as the train stops, come graceful young girls in Turkish costume, bearing trays of coffee in dainty cups, and surely never nectar was more welcome than this sweet, strong beverage, after our weary night of travel. One sees also the tiny water-mills, which are equal to the small amount of work required for each little farm. There are, too, the steep-roofed houses, and everywhere the strange and picturesque costumes. The mountains about Serayevo are very beautiful, rising one behind the other, till ten ranges can be distinguished as one stands on a hill overlooking the city.

We alight at the railroad station, and are soon driving through the streets. The town fairly bristles with minarets, slender and white, which give an Oriental air to the place, and are in perfect harmony with the turbaned or closely veiled Turks, men and women, who throng the streets. The charm of a first walk is great. In the town itself Austrian improvements are everywhere, but as one wanders up the steep hill-sides, over the rough and stony paths, on all hands is food for pencil and brush. Hark! the tinkle of bells, as a poor, overladen donkey or horse toils up the hill, often so heavily laden that a mow of hay seems moving itself, and it is only later that one sees the patient legs beneath. Then a group of women in dark green robes, with boots of brilliant yellow leather, and white veils closely enshrouding head and shoulders, pass you by. Through slits in these veils, dark and curious eyes peer at you, and sometimes one less timid than her neighbor will come up and give you a friendly pat. One feels that beauty must be hidden beneath, but an occasional accidental glimpse proves the fallacy of such a general impression. Some lovely faces there are, however, among the young girls, whom custom permits to walk out only partially veiled. Here is a little maiden bearing on her head a plank full of loaves of unbaked bread. She is on her way to the baker's, where they will soon be ready for her again.

As in other lands, curiosity is rife over the artist at work, and a group of critics gathers beside the painter. "Dobra, dobra," they pronounce it, in approval, and point out to each other whatever strikes their fancy in the picture. But one and all refuse to pose, and the effort to secure a sketch "on the wing" may result most disastrously for the poor artist. Laying down palette, canvas, and brushes to get from the paint-box some necessary pigment, with lightning rapidity the bare hand of the little maid may wipe out the sketch; and up the steep, stony street, her high-heeled wooden slippers clattering gayly and her merry laughter ringing out, may flee the unwilling model herself.

These dark-clothed, white-veiled women, leading their children by the hand and carrying their house-key with them, are great visitors, and seem to have happy times of their own, though one cannot but wonder what is their talk, and what their joys and sorrows. The mode in Serayevo known as the Damascus style is more curious than beautiful. Bosnian ladies who affect the latest fashion appear in full skirt and a shorter overskirt which they turn up over their heads, while the face is covered with a thin handkerchief of gay color and commonly of a large flower pattern, so thin that they can see and breathe through it, but so good a disguise on account of its floral pattern (of which a large rose or chrysanthemum is usually just over the nose) that they are completely veiled.

Serayevo is rich in mosques, some large and in good repair, others neglected and deserted; more than a hundred minarets rise from the town. There seem to be two styles of building; some mosques have the tall, white minarets and domes, others are of gray shingle, with octagonal minarets and the front adorned with color and with inscriptions from the Koran. The largest and finest is the Begova Dzamia, near the market. A beautiful old lime tree shades a fountain in the court-yard, and here one finds the curious standard of measurement, a long stone on which the true "arshin" is marked. Hither, from the market, come any disputants as to the measurement of purchased goods, and from it there is no appeal. Among so many it is hard to choose one mosque rather than another for description. All are interesting; that of the "Seven Brothers" one remembers by the seven green turbans placed at the head of as many benches in a little side addition to the mosque.

Another picture is stamped upon the memory: a still, clear night, the moon at the full, yet with a brilliancy of stars as well, the dark mountain ranges silhouetted against the sky, seeming ready to topple over upon us. Up the steep, steep streets we go, through the almost painful silence, now a snowy minaret gleaming on our right, now another at the foot of some dark, narrow by-way glinting out upon our left; beside the mosque a lonely Turkish graveyard, with its stone turbans marking the resting-place of the men, and its larger shrines for the saints. The women, whose souls are a questionable, uncertain thing in the Turkish mind, are marked by a smaller, simpler stone. Within this mosque, on Thursday nights, may be seen the curious dance of the dervishes, who work themselves up gradually into a perfect frenzy, or the quieter prayers and prostrations of ordinary worshippers.

Of these mental photographs, which are a lasting possession, we recall that of the pilgrims returning from Mecca. To see Mecca and die, if need be, is, to the Turk, the highest ambition, the loftiest aim. Old, old men, who have dreamed of it for years, spend the savings of those years and the last strength of life in attaining this coveted distinction. The Austrian Government interests itself, and does much to further the pilgrimage by reducing railway fares, but a large part of the journey must be made by sea, and many who start do not live to return. The streets are crowded with those ready to welcome the returning pilgrims. Around the beautiful Ali-Pasha Mosque, beneath the trees, is a perfect wealth of color, in fez and turban, sash and jacket. At the railway station all is life and bustle. Far away, along the horizon, lie the blue mountains, with flitting cloud shadows checkering their slopes. At last the ringing of the bell, and all press forward to greet the pilgrims. Almost before the train stops and the doors are flung open, they are seizing and embracing their dear ones. Travel-stained and dusty, worn and weary, some almost dead, they come forth and are welcomed with a truly Oriental effusiveness. Kissed on cheeks and shoulders, handed from one to another of the glad welcomers, they go with a look of happiness and content, satisfied at last. Now death may come when it will; they wear the green

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scarf of the hadji from shoulder to waist, and henceforth life can hold nothing more to hope for or attain. The Austrian burgomaster makes them an address of welcome, and they repair to the Ali-Pasha Mosque for a thanksgiving, and then turn homewards. Their womankind are all abroad too, but hold themselves aloof and do not mingle with the men. So home and to sleep.

The Turk loves beautiful scenery; he loves, too, the sound of running water. Many of the little cafés and restaurants have balconies overhanging a swiftly flowing stream, where he can sit and smoke and drink Turkish coffee from zarfs to his soul's content. On the steep slopes around Serayevo, at sunset, you may see these same Turks by the score, their picturesque figures outlined against the glowing sky, simply wrapt in contemplation of the beautiful scene. In the bazaar all is color and motion. From the country afar about Serayevo come the peasants. It is the only mart of all that region, and, rather than miss coming, they would bring their produce to an uncertain market in preference to selling it at home when the chance offers. Here is the street of the tailors, where they sit cross-legged at work, here the coppersmiths' street, where sound of clanging hammer smites deafeningly on the ear, and where the graceful ibreeks, or pitchers, the dainty zarfs or coffee-cups, and the quaint, cylindrical mills, are for sale. There is a merchant with his store of pottery, and here a man who sells fez caps, and fits them on a hot block "while you wait." Here, too, are the brooches and penhandles and various articles of beautiful silver and black inlaid work peculiar to this region. The umbrella balls and handles are especially attractive, but bargains are hard to make where no European tongue avails. The Austrian Government has industrial schools and factories where the highest standard of excellence in rug-making and metal-work is maintained, but, for the traveller, the purely native work has a greater interest. The writer bears eternal gratitude to a clever little Jew, a boy speaking German and Bosnian as well, who attached himself to her, and who acted cheerfully as interpreter in her rambles. Seated in one of the market booths, taking a rapid sketch of the Latiner-Brück and the kaleidoscopic stream of passers-by, little David beside her, but more within the booth, kept shooting out his head, like a tortoise from its shell, and crying, "There, quick, a priest, take him! Ah! now, a veiled lady—put her in! Oh, see, a Turk in scarlet fez is coming; oh, quick, my lady, quick!"

The population of Serayevo is strangely mixed. Here one sees, side by side, the Turks, the Serbians, whose religion is that of the Greek Church, and the Jews, descendants of certain Spanish Jews who took refuge here at the time of the Inquisition, and whose graveyard, with its serried ranks of stones, overlooking the river Milyatzka, is well worth a visit, even if the lack of a knowledge of Hebrew with which to decipher the epitaphs be keenly felt. A large Roman Catholic church, a larger and more beautiful Greek church, where splendid ceremonies and impressive rites are celebrated, and a Jewish synagogue, are all here, and Serayevo presents the curious spectacle of the observance of three consecutive Sabbaths—the Mohammedan holy day, which is kept on Friday, the Jewish Sabbath, and the Sunday as known to us. A large law school is here too, and its students, in their long black robes, are often to be seen, while the building itself, overlooking the Milyatzka, with its own mosque and spacious classrooms, is most interesting.

Curious tombs one finds everywhere, neglected and almost buried under long grass in the city itself, or even on the highest parts of the mountain roads. Two we recall as especially impressive. In the foreground, the broad sweep of the Austrian military road; below, deep ravines; and, across the gulf, huge bare mountains whose lines of massive simplicity form a background of unusual grandeur; by the wayside, two tombs, lonely, mysterious. Here they stand, like sentinels guarding the defile, or, rather, like relics of a bygone time, witnesses of a past full of strange stories and stranger suggestions. So we take farewell of the beautiful town, which is constantly becoming more modern and more Austrian, rejoicing in all improvements which may tend to the elevation and uplifting of its people, but with an artist's joy in all that still remains of the picturesque and Oriental in its streets and by-ways. PHEBE DAVIS NATT.

PARIS UNDER THE REGENCY,

PARIS, June 17, 1897.

M. Alfred Franklin is the administrator of our Mazarine Library. He may be ranked among the polygraphs of our day. He has edited a splendid reproduction of the famous engravings of Tortoral and Perissin, relating to the incidents of the wars of religion in France (the original copies of these engravings, which are valuable historical documents, are extremely rare), and in his edition there are notes and commentaries by various writers on each engraving. M. Franklin has also published a 'Genealogical History of the Sovereigns of France from the Time of Hugues Capet.' He has made many contributions to the Bulletin of the Society for the History of Paris. His latest publication is a series of volumes under the title "La Vie privée d'autrefois." The first series embraces no less than twenty volumes. A new series is just beginning, which has for its sub-title, "Modes, mœurs, usages des Parisiens du 12e au 18e Siècle." The first volume has for its subject life in Paris under the Regency. M. Franklin is not the author of the volume; he has translated the work of a German written at the time, but he has somewhat abridged it, and has added many interesting notes to the narrative.

Joachim Christopher Nemeitz was privy-councillor of the Prince of Waldeck. He had made it a specialty to accompany young princes on their travels, and he spent two years in Paris. He published in 1718 a curious description of life in this capital which rapidly reached a second edition; in 1727, there appeared in Leyden a French translation of it with this title:

"Séjour de Paris: c'est à dire Instructions fidèles pour les voyageurs de condition, comment ils se doivent conduire, s'il veulent faire un bon usage de leur tems et argent durant leur séjour à Paris—Comme aussi une Description suffisante de la Cour de France, du Parlement, de l'Université, des Académies et Bibliothèques; avec une liste des plus célèbres savants, artisans, et autres choses remarquables qu'on trouve dans cette grande et fameuse ville."

The translator is unknown, but he was very imperfectly acquainted with the French language, and M. Franklin had often to correct his mistakes.

Nemeitz supposes a foreigner arriving in Paris either in an ordinary chariot or with post-horses. The chariot lands him in the customary inn, where he is sure to find rooms. The gentleman who has travelled with post-horses "is sure to have made friends during the journey with the master postilion, who has given him information on the subject of the best hotels." There are several commendable ones in the Faubourg St.-Germain, which was at the time "the rendezvous of foreigners." The "Comédie" was in this faubourg, as well as the "foire St.-Germain"; the Opéra, then in the Faubourg St.-Honoré, was not far off on the other side of the river, and you could cross the Seine in a boat (there was no bridge then between the Pont Neuf and the Pont Royal). The garden of the Luxembourg was a great attraction. The faubourg was full of the finest private hotels, inhabited by the nobility. The most fashionable hotel for travellers and foreigners was the Hôtel d'Antragues, in the Rue de Seine: "You see there only bishops, foreign princes, and great lords. I will cite a few others: The Hôtel de Tréville, often inhabited by ambassadors; the Hôtel Impérial, Rue du Four; the Hôtel de Hambourg, close by the Hôtel d'Espagne, Rue de Seine; the Hôtel de Nîmes, in the same street; the Hôtel d'Anjou, in the Rue Dauphine; the Ville de Hambourg, in the Rue Mazarine; the Hôtel de Modène, Rue Jacob." The people living in one of these hotels formed a sort of little republic, and could not escape entering into relations with each other.

"The society of honest Frenchmen," says Nemeitz, "especially if they are people of condition, is very agreeable and very profitable. You get exercised in the language, and you insensibly take on their manners, and they can procure you good acquaintances. Little is gained in conversation with one's compatriots or with other foreigners, as these people have come to Paris with the same view as yourself—to learn; and then, you will have plenty of time to talk to them when you return to your country."

He observes elsewhere that the French are very indulgent of mistakes made by a foreigner in speaking the French language, and are always pleased to help them and correct them. This is as true now as ever it was, and I have often observed it, particularly in French shops. A foreigner is never laughed at or made ridiculous on account of his mistakes in speaking.

"The sciences," continues Nemeitz, "which a man of quality must learn in Paris, are the French language, mathematics, and drawing. With whatever facility and purity people may think, out of France, that they speak French, they will, on arriving, experience a great disillusion. It is only in the country itself that you can learn the accent, and that only with much pains and much time. It is a pity to hear Germans pronounce *couferneur* for *gouverneur*, *boison* for *poison*, *tendelle* for *dentelle*."

It is, therefore, necessary to take a French master on arriving, a man with a delicate accent, who knows how to write a letter promptly. It is rather singular to read in a sort of guide-book: "Mathematics is the second acquirement which a man of quality ought to possess." If he is a soldier, he is advised to learn the art of fortifications. Nemeitz counts also among the mathematical sciences the art of drawing, even vocal and instrumental music.

"Music gives the entrée to the great

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world. . . . There are here excellent masters for all sorts of instruments, and I doubt if anywhere else can be found so many capital teachers. I know more than thirty composers who have made themselves famous in their art. Whoever hears the music in the King's chapel on the great feast-days must confess that nothing finer or more perfect can exist. The instruments which are now preferred in Paris are the harpsichord (*clavecin*) and the German flute."

The young man of quality must take lessons in dancing, fencing, and riding. There were at the time four riding-schools, or academies, as they were called. One of them was under M. de la Guérinière, who published the finest work on French riding, with beautiful illustrations, one of the most valued books on the veterinary art.

Nemeitz forgets nothing, and has an important chapter on dress—"Comment il se faut habiller," etc.; he has another on the subject of servants—"Si on doit prendre pour valet un français." His opinion is that it is better to take a Frenchman, if only for the lessons in French which he will give you. He answers for the fidelity of French servants.

"There are instances of servants having abandoned or robbed their masters, and a stranger has the same right as a Frenchman to have his servant arrested, even for the theft of a trifle. The judges of Paris make no great ceremony on this point, and the man who has stolen to-day can be hanged to-morrow. The French valets, besides, are prompt, clever, good for everything. I think that they would go through fire for the love of their master. They love him, respect him, take good care of his clothes. If the master has a quarrel they don't desert him, but risk their lives for him. Yet they are to the last degree intent on their own interest; it is their great defect, which all have more or less. They don't steal, but they levy a tax upon everything. . . . A valet costs one franc or twenty-five sous a day, and with that he feeds and clothes himself."

The notice of the French Theatre is interesting. The "Comédiens du Roi," as they were called, received no subvention from the King (the Comédie-Française in our day receives one). "They have no Director [there is now one, called Administrator, appointed by the State], they share the receipts every night; one receives a whole portion, another a half, others a fourth, an eighth, a sixteenth, according to their capacity and to the part they have played." Something of the same kind exists now, but the division is only made from time to time. After the death of Louis XIV., the Regent authorized the Italian comedians to reopen their theatre in the Hôtel de Bourgogne, which had been shut twenty years before because of the great freedom of its plays and its criticisms. This troupe was called the "Italian Troupe of his Royal Highness the Duke d'Orléans." The third theatre in Paris was the Opéra, where the lyric operas of Luli were the chief attraction of the time. As in our day, "the persons belonging to the opera—singers, dancers, players of instruments—formed a little republic composed of about two hundred persons." The Opéra was at the Palais Royal.

Three theatres only were then in existence, and were thought sufficient for the amusement of the capital. The prudent Nemeitz says that "strangers ought to take care not to make acquaintance with the ladies of the opera or of the Comédie. Nearly all those who have a little beauty are kept by illustrious and wealthy seigneurs; even a few by dukes and peers." At the Comédie-Française, "a man of quality occupies a box in the first tier or in the parterre, seldom in the boxes of the second tier, which are assigned to the bourgeois; never in the amphitheatre, where all the *racaille* flock. At the Opéra, the amphitheatre is honorable in the same degree as the boxes of the first tier." The Duchesse du Maine gave, from time to time, representations in her private theatre at Sceaux. It was a great honor to be invited. The Duchess and her guests used to play themselves. She was the granddaughter of the Grand Condé, and was married to the Duke du Maine, a son of Louis XIV. and of Madame de Montespan.

Nemeitz has much to say about the cafés of Paris. "It is," he says, "a general habit in Paris to take a cup of coffee after dinner. I do not know if this beverage is very healthy." Madame de Sévigné did not much believe in it, and said, "Le goût en passera comme du café," speaking of Racine, to whom she preferred Voltaire. Madame de Sévigné was wrong; we still read Racine and we still take our coffee. Nemeitz, curiously, thought that it was a cure for melancholia, "as was the opinion," he says, "of a certain lady who, hearing that her husband had been killed in the wars, exclaimed: 'Ah! how unhappy I am! Quick! quick! bring me my coffee!'" There was, in the time of the Regency, an infinite number of cafés in Paris, as many as ten, twelve, sometimes more, in the same street. They were frequented by the greatest gentlemen and even by princes. People were allowed to enter them without spending anything, as is now the fashion in Italy. They smoked little in the cafés, "as there are in France very few people of quality who like to smoke." No papers were found in them; these were read in the circulating libraries.

The extracts which I have given show that 'Life in Paris under the Regency' is no common guide-book. It is a document, not without value, regarding life and manners in Paris, at an interesting period of history, faithfully written, by a German witness who evidently took great interest in his subject and had no prejudices of any sort.

Notes.

To obtain material for a graduate seminary in rhetoric, Prof. F. N. Scott, of the University of Michigan, has begun a systematic collection of specimens of student composition. He would like the help and coöperation of teachers of English in all parts of the country, and offers to send a circular of instructions to any one who may care to apply for it.

The Century Co. will shortly issue 'An Artist's Letters from Japan,' by John La Farge, with the author's illustrations, and have in preparation Mr. James Bryce's 'Impressions of South Africa,' an enlargement of his sample chapters in the *Century*, and Rudyard Kipling's 'Captains Courageous.'

Du Maurier's 'The Martian,' which comes to an end in the current *Harper's*, is on the eve of publication in book form.

The Putnams announce 'Impressions of Turkey,' by Prof. W. M. Ramsay of Aberdeen.

Richard Malcolm Johnston's 'Old Times in Middle Georgia,' a volume of sketches, will be issued by Macmillan Co., together with 'An Outline for the Study of City Government,' by Delos H. Wilcox.

Messrs. Scribner will publish in this country 'Later Renaissance Architecture in England,' edited in six parts with 156 plates by John Belcher and Mervyn E. Macartney.

D. Appleton & Co. are the American publishers of 'The Outgoing Turk,' reviewed by us last week.

'Sketches Awheel in Modern Iberia' is the title of a copiously illustrated book by Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman (Putnams). A great deal of the text is taken up with details about bicycle accidents and incidents that may interest wheelmen, but cause other readers to turn the leaves rapidly. Bicycles are not yet very common in Spain, as these riders found to their cost; they were constantly frightening animals and angering their owners; in one case (p. 73) a murderous assault by a drunken driver was narrowly averted. The writers comment on the noisiness of Spanish towns, the badness of country roads, the beauties of the scenery, and so forth, but there is no new *aperçu*, hardly a sentence to show cause why this book should have been written except as a diary for the authors' own delectation. The guide-books are, however, brought up to date in one respect. Toledo, we are informed, has at last a hotel fit to stay in. We are also told that bull-fights are still popular in Spain. Postal affairs do not seem to have improved at all. The writers mailed from Granada seven small articles to the post in other countries, and only one of them reached its destination; and this was but a sample of their experiences.

Violin players will find entertainment and some incidental instruction in 'Famous Violinists and Fine Violins,' by Dr. T. L. Phipson (Chatto & Windus). It contains many anecdotes and historic details that are familiar, together with some that are less hackneyed. There are chapters on Cherubini, Paganini, Balfe, De Bériot, Ole Bull, "The Soul of the Violin; or, the Secret of the Sound-post," etc., etc. In a chapter entitled "The Orchestra and the Singer," Mr. Phipson harps on the old complaint that solo singers get a hundred dollars or more where an orchestral player gets only one. He thinks this should be remedied, but he forgets some hard facts. Great singers, like popular writers, may get more than they are worth intrinsically, but it is a purely commercial question. If a manager finds he can draw a $10,000 house by engaging certain "stars," and only $1,000 without them, it pays him to give them $1,500 apiece. Such singers are expensive because they are scarce, whereas orchestral players are overabundant. If they get $7 for an evening's work, that is as much as most of them are worth. Few of these players are real artists. There are thousands of journalists who work for $7 a day, though they may be greater literary artists than these men are musical artists. The latter cannot play artistically unless they have a great leader to conduct them; and it may be added that if there is any injustice in the present arrangement it is in the conductor's receiving so much less than the singers. Just at present, for instance, Wagner's operas are drawing larger houses in London than they ever did, largely because Mr. Seidl conducts them; yet he probably receives only one-fifth as much as some of the singers.

Mr. J. A. Joseph's 'Institutional History of the United States' (Danville: Indiana Publishing Company) has evidently been written

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with such excellent intentions that we can but regret our entire inability to see any useful purpose that the book is likely to serve. "Institutional history" is a somewhat vague term at best; to Mr. Joseph it seems to mean, in this instance, 375 pages of assorted information, for the most part accurate enough, on various phases of American history and life, together with such new and interesting facts as that the town of Plymouth developed into the colony of Massachusetts, that it takes a thousand miles of yard-wide paper to put out an edition of the New York *World*, and that while the United States "provides no special training" for its foreign ministers, they "are supposed to be chosen for their knowledge of international law, history, and the French language." We sympathize with the author in his distrust of the greenbacks, and can but admire the dexterity with which, as President of a "normal college" in Indiana, he avoids committing himself regarding either the gold standard or free coinage of silver; while with his remark that "the tariff is a good thing to be let alone by our legislators" we most heartily agree.

Most of his readers in America who know Austin Dobson only as the author of exotic and society verse of charming poetic quality, and of essays on eighteenth-century literature and art, will be surprised to see his name on the title-page of a 'Handbook of English Literature' (Longmans), which now, revised with additions by Prof. W. Hall Griffin, passes to a third edition after an interval of nearly a quarter-century since the first. The stream of such handbooks seems endless, while the perfect book on the subject remains always to be written. The want of a thoroughly critical and trustworthy manual of English authors and of English literary history, supplying a guide to the results of recent researches in this field, indeed is often felt, although the recently revised edition of Mr. Stopford Brooke's 'Primer' fills the need for a succinct and well-proportioned elementary introduction to the subject as well, perhaps, as this generation can demand or expect. It is difficult, however, to see in what respect the Dobson-Griffin compilation is an improvement over its competitors in the field. It offers nothing new in method or treatment, while its style is singularly perfunctory, colorless, and uninspiring, and, like so many others of its class, it almost renders the study of literary history, which Gray considered in itself the most interesting subject in the world, here one of the most uninteresting. The rock on which these perpetually repeated attempts split is easily discoverable. A work of limited compass covering so large a field should either generalize its subject after the manner of the 'Primer,' and treat only of the great landmarks and masterpieces of literature, or it should frankly adopt the shorthand style and encyclopædic treatment of the German "Grundriss." Any attempt to combine the two methods can result only in the production of mere cram-books of the present type, of possible temporary utility to candidates in examinations such as those set for the English civil service, but otherwise well calculated to repel the student of healthy mind and do general harm to the cause of English studies.

The country houses of England abound with material for amplifying the published histories of the United States. From time to time the Historical Manuscripts Commission, by the diligence of the experts employed on the old documents preserved in the muniment rooms of the nobles and squires of England, bring to light most interesting old papers. Such are to be found noted in the report just issued upon some of the papers in the possession of the Duke of Portland. Among these are a few letters from William Penn. They were all addressed to Robert Harley, afterwards well known as the Earl of Oxford. It was his son who made the great collection of books and manuscripts so useful to historical students, and from whom the Harleian Society took its name. The only daughter and heiress of this son, the lady of whom the poet Prior sang, as

"My noble, lovely little Peggy,"

married William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland, and brought to his family great wealth from property in the City of London, which the Bentinck family hold to this day. It was with the Lady Margaret Harley that the same family also acquired the Harley MSS. that are now being calendared, and from which Penn's letters have been brought to light. They are preserved at Welbeck Abbey, the Duke of Portland's seat in that part of Nottinghamshire known as "the Dukeries."

The *Geographical Journal* for June opens very appropriately with Sir Clement Markham's review of the geographical history of the Queen's reign. This includes the exploration of the greater part of Africa, Australia, the north polar region, the interiors of China, Japan, Central Asia, Tibet, and Afghanistan. Progress has been least in South America, which now presents "a wider and more fruitful field for the explorer" than any other part of the world. There follows the same scholar's address at the celebration by the Royal Geographical Society of the fourth centenary of the voyage of John Cabot, 1497. It is remarkable principally for the emphasis laid on the meagreness and uncertainty of our information in regard to this voyage, and especially in regard to the landfall. This uncertainty was increased by the discussion which followed the address, in which mathematical evidence was given to show that the voyage must have taken longer than the generally accepted three months, May 3-August 5, 1497. It was suggested that Cabot sailed in 1496, and returned in August, 1497. We mention also notes on the Tripoli Hill range by Mr. H. S. Cowper, and an interesting account of the nomadic Berbers of Central Morocco by Walter B. Harris. Among them was a curious little settlement of the descendants of the renegades and Christian slaves of the time of Mulai Ismail, with the addition of stray renegades who have been sent there since. There are representatives of thirteen nationalities, including English, Flemish, and Spanish, in the three or four hundred inhabitants.

We have paid elsewhere our tribute to the memory of the late Prof. Lane of Harvard, whose death follows all too closely that of his classmate, the lamented Child. It remains to record the long service of Prof. Lane as a contributor to the *Nation*, and his constant good will outlasting his service, which was much interrupted of late years. He had an ideal capacity for the writing of "Notes." For longer efforts he seldom found leisure.

—An important contribution to our knowledge of the ancient inhabitants of the Calchaqui region, in the northwest part of the Argentine Republic, appears in the first number of the anthropological section of the 'Anales del Museo de la Plata.' The author, Prof. Ten Kate, gives an account of his visit to the Calchaqui country, and of his explorations among the ruins of their fortified towns. He describes their burial places and the peculiarities of their method of interment. The bodies of adults were usually placed in a squatting position, with the arms folded, and those of infants were deposited in stone jars. An examination of the large osteological collection now in the La Plata Museum shows that the most striking physical characteristics of this people were the brachycephalic skull and a low stature. This conclusion is at variance with M. Hamy's assertion that such peculiarities did not exist among the inhabitants of this region. Certain anatomical resemblances between these remains and those of the ancient Peruvians seem to imply that the races were closely allied, if not identical. The history of the people known as Calchaqui is still involved in great obscurity, some writers believing that they were exterminated by the Spaniards, or possibly by the Peruvians before the Spanish conquest. Ten Kate, however, concludes that the depopulation and desolation of the region were due quite as much to climatic and physical causes as to the devastations of invaders. The memoir is illustrated by cuts representing the cemeteries and by a series of admirable reproductions of photographs of the bones.

—A proof of the interest taken in the renaissance of Christian thought in French letters is furnished by the work of Father Pacheu of the Society of Jesus, 'De Dante à Verlaine,' which is a conscientious study of mysticism in literature. Father Pacheu has not read all of Verlaine's poems, but he has carefully read those which bear on the subject he treats of, and his verdict on the poet is likely to surprise many who judge Verlaine rather by the worse portion of his verse than by the sum of it. He acknowledges willingly that Verlaine was very bad, but that is no reason why he should not have repented; and the proof that he did repent he finds, not only in the fact that the poet died with a crucifix in his hands and a priest by his side, but in the character of the better portion of his work, especially in 'Sagesse.' According to Father Pacheu, true mystics are not very numerous in literature, and he cites Dante as the truest and greatest, naming also Spenser, Bunyan, and Shelley among the English. Verlaine appears to him to have come nearer Dante in true mysticism, by which he means not the vague religiosity of modern dissatisfied or posing writers, but the sincere aspiration to God and the earnest striving after a realization of the higher inner life. It is this which he finds strongly marked in Verlaine. Of course there is the desire to prove his case and to make of Verlaine a convert to the dogmas and practices of the Church of Rome, but there are points in favor of Father Pacheu's contention, and his analysis of Verlaine's state of mind, and his explanation of the shocking inconsistencies of his conduct, are more than ingenious pieces of special pleading. After Verlaine he tackles Joris-Karl

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Huysmans, and brings him also into the fold through his book 'En Route.' The work, being conceived and carried out in a serious spirit and well put together, is interesting from beginning to end. It is well, too, to have the views of theologians on points such as those raised here.

—We have noted from time to time the progress of Mr. E. S. Hartland's 'Legend of Perseus,' and can now speak of the completion of this important work by the third volume (London: David Nutt). The first two volumes dealt with the supernatural birth of the hero, and the life-token or sympathetic object which indicated the hero's fate. The third volume contains the two remaining episodes—the rescue of Andromeda, and the Medusa-witch—and a chapter devoted to the story as a whole. There is also a supplementary list of works referred to, as well as an excellent index, and an appendix of tables dealing with various episodes in the legend and serving to show their geographical distribution. It is impossible in brief space to do adequate justice to Mr. Hartland's careful and interesting study of a great classical legend and its counterparts in *Märchen*, saga, and superstition. The method of treatment is the one followed by Mr. Frazer in his 'Golden Bough,' and familiar to the readers of Andrew Lang's mythological studies. Mr. Hartland's merit consists in the attractive way in which he has presented his material, and his great industry and exactness in compilation. The definite results of the investigation are inconsiderable. "The area within which the place of origin is to be sought may roughly be said to include the whole of Europe and Asia, and the parts of Africa which lie to the north and east of the Great Desert." The inquiry into the relation between the ancient and modern variants of the story ends even more vaguely, and, in the words of the author, "so far as the results of research as to one story may enable us to forecast the results of research as to others, it favors the view of those students who declare that the hope of tracking a folk-tale to its pristine home is illusory, and the attempt a waste of time." Mr. Hartland closes with a superficial reference to the bearing of his study upon the most sacred dogmas of Christianity. As he expressly disclaims any polemical motive, he might better have left the reader to make his own inferences. If he were not content with this, he should at least have treated the questions involved at length.

—Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè's great undertaking, the "Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane," which we have so often had occasion to mention in terms of the highest praise, has just been increased by the twentieth volume: 'Indovinelli, Dubbi, Scioglilingua del Popolo Siciliano' (Turin-Palermo: C. Clausen). *Indovinelli* of course are riddles, *dubbi* are a series of enigmatical questions propounded in a stanza of *ottava rima* and answered in a similar one, and *scioglilingua* or *bisticci* are a succession of words, often without connection or sense, of difficult pronunciation, like the well-known English example: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," etc. The editor has collected twelve hundred examples of the above classes and prefixed to them an elaborate treatise upon the Riddle. There have been many collections of riddles, and histories of this department of literature, notably Friedreich's 'Geschichte des Räthsels' (Dresden, 1860), but no one has given so exhaustive an account of this subject, or investigated so fully the question of the origin and diffusion of riddles, as Pitrè. Besides this very considerable labor, Dr. Pitrè has compared his material with all the other Italian collections and indicated the parallels and variants. The amount of work represented in the eighteen pages of "Varianti e riscontri" is enormous, and the editor may well say: "I dilettanti del genere sanno dove metter le mani per fare della erudizione a buon mercato." The work ends with a bibliography of Italian and Sicilian riddles, which furnishes some additions to the editor's 'Bibliografia delle Tradizioni Popolari in Italia' (Turin, 1894). In glancing over the collection we notice many riddles, etc., which are common to England, and it is a cause of regret that such scanty materials are to be found for purposes of comparison. Pitrè has been fortunate in living in a land where the popular literature still flourishes; but he has performed his mighty task with enormous labor and self-sacrifice, which are already repaid by the gratitude of scholars all over the world. As the monument, the greatest ever erected by one man to the popular literature of his country, approaches completion (two more volumes are announced on the popular customs and minor festivals of Sicily), we offer our congratulations on what has already been accomplished, and our hopes that the builder, more fortunate than our own Child, may be spared to see his task happily ended.

—The distinguished traveller Miss Mary Kingsley recently lectured at Mansfield College, Oxford, upon the invitation of the Hibbert trustees. Her subject was African native law and its connection with the African form of religion. The late Sir A. B. Ellis, in his well-known book, Prof. Kohler's pamphlet on negro law, and Mr. Saraban's Fanti Customary Law, were the three trustworthy printed sources of information, but there was no printed collection of cases in pure Bantu law or in pure negro law. Hence Miss Kingsley proposed, from her own detailed observation, to give a tentative account of these neglected systems. Common to them both was a general conception of religion as influencing every least act and concern of life, and a specific conviction that the native must be on working terms with the great world of spirits around him. Alike among pure negroes and pure Bantu Miss Kingsley discerned a recognized hierarchy of these spirits; in some districts more classes were distinguished than in others, but everywhere at least six orders were more or less clearly distinguishable. Among the pure negroes of the West Coast a system of so-called slavery is essential; the Bantu often follow an alternative practice of killing and eating prisoners and criminals. Bantu is more difficult than negro law, because of local variations in this and other particulars among Bantu tribes. An important institution, well developed among pure negroes, and also among slave-holding Bantu, is the House. Individual members of a House may be animate or inanimate, men, animals, or things. Dogs and canoes are, in the eye of the law, quite as capable as men of advancing the House or of embroiling it by their proceedings. A so-called King heads the House; he may be free or a slave. Often a slave-owned House will be the richest in a whole district. The law lays down (1) that the owner of a slave stands accountable for his slave's acts; (2) that the head of a House is responsible for damage done by members of the House, whether to fellow-members or to outsiders. Miss Kingsley witnessed in the Cameroons the chopping up of a criminally destructive canoe. They were "settling its palaver—one time." Among the Ouroungo the slaying of a woman was accounted for in answer to inquiry by the laconic declaration, "She make palaver—too much." The most intricate palavers arose under the law vesting ownership of children, one of whose parents was a slave, not in the free parent, but in the owner of the slave parent. There is no statute of limitation to bar the assertion of such ownership at any time; consequently claims are revived after having lain dormant so long that their existence has been forgotten. As there is no system of record to prove the satisfaction of such claims, an inextricable confusion and much injustice arise. The lecturer argued for a far greater closeness of interdependence between law and religion than has been made out by Ellis, Kohler, or Saraban, and suggested that, so far as her evidence went, it indicated a classification of human concerns with reference to their religious bearing. There are purely human affairs, such as matters of inheritance, and with these purely human spirits can deal without calling in spirits of a higher grade. There are other concerns, not apparently very different, where it is wiser to call in the higher spirits. "One charm does the work of twenty slaves" is a common saying.

JAMES'S WILL TO BELIEVE.

The Will to Believe, and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy. By William James. Longmans, Green & Co. 1897. Pp. xvii.-332.

The most profoundly sceptical and, its opponents would maintain, the most disastrously self-defeating and sophistical tendency in modern philosophy lies in the prevalent effort nowadays, in the name of God and the moral law, to subordinate intelligence to desire. Truth, it is contended, is of value simply in that it ministers to a certain spiritual craving for a definite and symmetrical scheme of the world; but the greater takes precedence of the less—the demand for a moral order in the universe and for communion with God is more fundamental, more imperious, more fraught with consequence for the best life of humanity, than the demand for truth, and any truth that presents an obstacle to it may, with no sense of comedy, by sheer volition, be set aside as wholly or at least as partly false. "I could not rest tranquilly in a truth," Mr. Bradley, for example, declares in his 'Appearance and Reality' (p. 148), "if I were compelled to regard it as hateful. While unable, that is, to deny it, I should, rightly or wrongly, insist that the inquiry was not yet closed, and that the result was but partial, and if metaphysics is to stand, it must, I think, take account of all sides of our being."

From this somewhat desperate philosophy of the world as it by hypothesis is not, with its

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tacit injunction on us to do our duty cheerfully in any sphere of life excepting precisely that to which we may have been called, the doctrine that gives unity to the papers brought together in the present volume is, we understand, in spite of many expressions to the contrary, sharply to be distinguished. 'The Will to Believe, and Other Essays' is, in the main, an exposition of the claims of what we of Anglo-Saxon lineage delight to celebrate as the strenuous mood. "The deepest difference, practically, in the moral life of man," the author says, "is the difference between the easy-going and the strenuous mood"; but the strenuous mood responds to the summons of none but "the wilder passions," "the big fears, loves, and indignations," or the "deeply penetrating appeal" of the "higher fidelities," "of justice, truth, or freedom"; and responds to them, indeed, in but a very minor degree in a merely human world. "Life, to be sure, is even in such a world a genuinely ethical symphony; but it is played in the compass of a couple of poor octaves, and the infinite scale of values fails to open up"; it needs the presence of a god to unveil an "infinite perspective," to prolong incalculably "the scale of the symphony." Once take for granted his presence, and the more imperative ideals "begin to speak with an altogether new objectivity and significance, and to utter the penetrating, shattering, tragically challenging note of appeal." "Our attitude towards concrete evils is entirely different in a world where we believe there are none but finite demanders, from what it is in one where we joyously face tragedy for an infinite demander's sake. Every sort of energy and endurance, of courage and capacity for handling life's evils, is set free," Prof. James affirms, "in those who have religious faith"; but he does not therefore in the least on that ground contend that, whatever the evidence to the contrary, religious faith must be true. He at the utmost suggests that, even if false, it would be, like the foundation of many another noble and ennobling loyalty, a beneficent error. "The capacity of the strenuous mood lies so deep down among our natural human possibilities that, even if there were no metaphysical or traditional grounds for believing in a God, men would postulate one simply as a pretext for living hard, and getting out of the game of existence its keenest possibilities of zest"; and he suggests this merely by the way. If he rejects the closed circle of cause and effect, the block world of modern science with its exclusion of spontaneity, of fresh beginnings, of personal initiative and responsibility, he everywhere recognizes his obligation to show that the evidence in favor of it is inconclusive, and that the run of specialists in science are, in metaphysics and indeed in logic, crude. If, in the last resort, he invokes the will, it is within certain narrowly defined limits, and on the plea that the occasion is strictly practical and not speculative; if he decides for chance in the physical world and freedom in the moral, for an outer and an inner disconnectedness, with the splendor of God shining at the gaps—for a sort of "insane sandheap or multi-verse" (as he says it must appear to the man of science), and no universe at all—he feels at liberty to do so precisely because reason is silent on the subject and suspense of judgment is itself an expression of will.

For our ultimate faith about the moral complexion of the universe is one that we must act on, and act on at once. We are at this very moment on the battle-field, where to retreat, or to reconnoitre, or to hesitate, is as fatally to act as to move forward to the assault. "The thesis I defend," Prof. James says, "is, briefly stated, this: Our passional nature not only lawfully may, but must, decide an option between propositions, whenever it is a genuine option that cannot by its nature be decided on intellectual grounds; for to say, under such circumstances, 'Do not decide, but leave the question open,' is itself a passional decision." It is a matter of risk simply, and in any practical exigency the risk of waiting for further information may well be greater than the risk of going forward in uncertainty. It is notably greater, Prof. James holds, in the case of belief in a moral order and in God; it is hardly an exaggeration indeed, he feels, to say that one has nothing to gain by hanging back and everything to lose. Suspense of judgment in the matter can afford us at the utmost only *le bonheur de ne pas être dupe.* But "worse things than being duped may happen to a man in this world." Our errors are not such portentously solemn things; in a scheme of affairs in which "we are so certain to incur them in spite of all our caution, a certain lightness of heart seems healthier than an excessive nervousness"; and, in the last resort, what dupery could be so complete as to forego a chance of guessing right in exchange for the certainty of not being right at all! If one is "born with such superior general reaction to evidence" that one "can guess right and act accordingly, and gain all that comes of right action," while one's "less gifted neighbor" (paralyzed by his scruples and waiting for more evidence which he dares not anticipate, much as he longs to) still stands shivering on the brink, "by what right shall one be forbidden to reap the advantages of one's superior native sensitiveness?" "At most, the command laid upon us," Prof. James urges in a note, "by science to believe nothing not yet verified by the senses, is a prudential rule intended to maximize our right thinking and to minimize our errors in the long run"; and he compares it to the "gambling and insurance rules based on probability, in which we secure ourselves against losses in detail by hedging on the total run." But this hedging philosophy requires that a "long run should be there; and this makes it inapplicable to the question of religious faith as the latter comes home to the individual man. He plays the game of life, not to escape losses, for he brings nothing with him to lose; he plays it for gains; and it is now or never with him, for the long run which exists indeed for humanity is not there for him." Dupery for dupery, it is better to be duped through hope than duped through fear; in especial when one recollects that there are cases in which belief secures its own realization—in which "belief is a factor as well as a confessor." If, for example, a man is climbing in the Alps and has the ill-luck to work himself into a position from which the only escape is by a prodigious leap, he, being without (we may suppose) any similar experience, has no evidence of his ability to perform it successfully. But hope and confidence make him sure he will not miss his aim, and nerve his feet to execute what, without those emotions, would perhaps have been impossible. "Believe, and you shall be right, for you shall save yourself; doubt, and you shall again be right, for you shall perish. The only difference is that to believe is greatly to your advantage."

"Religious fermentation," Prof. James urges in his preface, "is always a symptom of the intellectual vigor of a society, and it is only when they forget that they are hypotheses, and put on rationalistic and authoritative pretensions, that our faiths do harm." It is in protest against some similar pretensions on the part of science at the present day that the greater portion of the papers in 'The Will to Believe' are written; they advocate, in brief, "the right of the individual to indulge his personal faith at his personal risk"; and in bar of that right it is difficult to conceive what law the candid man of science could plead or could wish to plead. It must be added, however, that, up to the present time at least (there is a promise, which we gratefully register, of a completer, more systematic exposition), the considerations brought forward by Prof. James are more calculated to be of service to those who believe already than to those who do not. The strenuous mood is no more heartily intolerant of anything than of (it would necessarily in one who doubts be such) a make-believe before the fact; an established loyalty may, to defend itself, appeal openly and even with defiant pride to a postulate that is confessedly uncertain or false, but such a loyalty must in the beginning have gone out to what it took to be eternal verity. And happily so; if no more irreparable misfortune can occur to an individual or a generation of men than a disillusionment in regard to the objects of their deepest allegiance, it is on every account desirable that those objects should be chosen in the beginning for what they are. This is at once the justification of such an appeal as Prof. James's in 'The Will to Believe,' and the ground of the limitation of its applicability. For if he does not counsel us to believe in the face of demonstration, he does counsel us to believe in the face at least of probability; supposing, as he does (for the purposes of argument?) the probability, such as it is, to be on the side of science. By hypothesis, the case is not one in which we must wait for information or act absolutely in ignorance, but one in which we must act in pursuance of such information as we possess, or in utter disregard of it; and for the sort of disillusionment and blankness of mind and life that will come upon us in the latter case, if we are ever persuaded of our mistake, *le malheur de se connaître dupe* is a quite insufficient description. And if there are beliefs that create their own verification, that fact is indeed fatally significant when urged against the *laisser-faire* policy of so-called evolutionary ethics, and Prof. James has laid us all under fresh obligations by the prominence he has given it; but when he argues from it as a general principle, and suggests our relying on it blindly on the hypothesis that we have everything to gain and nothing to lose, he burdens it with a greater weight than in logic it can bear. There are beliefs also that contribute to their own refutation. The counsel to believe the world is as you want it to be, in the hope that, in some unforeseen manner, your belief may help to make it so, may justly be met by the counsel to see the world with unflinching steadiness as pre-

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cisely as may be as it is, under penalty, if you refuse, of miscalculation and defeat in your every effort to make it what it ought to be. The strenuous mood can be roused by that appeal also; it may be doubted, indeed, whether it can in the long run be roused so thoroughly by any other.

The book, it is of course needless to add, is written with a freshness and vigor of word and phrase that exclude it wholly from the class of essays in philosophy that are hard reading. It is literally a delightful book, and "popular" in no sense that can make it of less service to the specialist.

ABBY HOPPER GIBBONS.

Life of Abby Hopper Gibbons, Told chiefly through her correspondence. Edited by her daughter, Sarah Hopper Emerson. Two volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897.

The editor of this interesting book has carried to an extreme that policy of self-effacement which commends itself to the judgment of many biographical editors in our time, and is foolishly affected by a greater number. It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of Mrs. Emerson's deliberate choice, and equally impossible not to feel that she has made a serious mistake. Without enlarging the book—for, without injury, various subtractions might have been made from the fulness of the letters—more might have been shown of the order and the setting of events, with here and there a few words of commentary or explanation which would have added much. Mrs. Emerson has assumed that all who read her book will know nearly as much as she does of the anti-slavery conflict, with its Old and New Organization and like matters. But it is devoutly to be wished that it may find many readers who are ignorant where she is wise, and she has not done for them what she might have done. They will often stumble in the dark where they might and should have had a trusty guide.

Mrs. Gibbons, whose life is here told "chiefly through her correspondence," was born Abby Hopper, December 12, 1801, the third child of Isaac Tatem and Sarah Tatum Hopper. Of Isaac T. Hopper little is told, it being assumed, perhaps rashly, that his Life by Lydia Maria Child is still a well-known book. Happy are they who remember it. It furnishes a delightful, if not necessary, background to the figures painted here. A few letters written when Mrs. Gibbons was seventy-seven to a granddaughter give us a vivid picture of her childhood, but her contemporary correspondence does not begin until 1829. The letters of this time afford many humorous glimpses of the modest insurrection of young people, inclining somewhat to pleasure and beauty, against the ascetic strictness of the Quaker rule, which, however, stopped so far short of the table that the Yearly Meeting passed into a proverbial satire as the Merely Eating. There are reflections on "the Friend who did not feel easy to eat off a gilt-edged plate," confessions of being "a *little particular* about the *cut* of a garment," rejoicings over new china, discussions of belts, bows, and ribbons from a religious point of view, and a record of "five persons disowned for outgoing in marriage and one for having joined the Presbyterians," at one fell swoop. In 1831 Abby Hopper met James S. Gibbons, and they were married in 1833. Mr. James Herbert Morse describes the husband, his father-in-law, with much brave sincerity. "Where feeling was not enlisted, he was a philosopher. . . . But where feeling was touched—or was it prejudice, the long, back record of feeling?—then philosophy went to the winds." The preëminent distinction of his life, though not by any means his most valuable achievement, was his war song, "We are coming, Father Abraham," which, very naturally, had a tremendous vogue. It was written in 1862 in answer to Lincoln's call for 300,000 troops, and, being published anonymously in the *Evening Post*, was, for a long time, attributed to Bryant. Had the mob of 1863 known Mr. Gibbons as its author, his house would have been gutted with greater relish, if possible, than was actually shown.

The song was certainly a strange one for a Quaker to project into the public mind. But the Quakers had not treated Mr. Gibbons and his friends so handsomely as to nourish his ancestral creed, and he was naturally a man of war. The Meeting had fallen away from the original principles of Quakerism much more than he. In 1842, with Isaac T. Hopper and Charles Marriott, he was disowned "for being concerned in the publication and support of a paper [the *Anti-Slavery Standard*] calculated to excite discord and disunity among Friends." Every sect had in those times its lowest depth, and this action matched for the Friends the refusal of Dr. Channing's Society to allow him the use of its church for Dr. Follen's funeral. One George F. White is pilloried as the prime mover in the pro-slavery Quaker movement. Not content with stirring up strife in New York, he extended his efforts to Philadelphia. The letters that record these doings glow and burn with righteous indignation. One from Lydia Maria Child is strangely interjected into a body of foreign matter, but it is an arraignment of the "New Organization," Whittier included, that deserved preservation in place or out of it. In 1842 Mrs. Gibbons resigned her membership in the Meeting for anti-slavery reasons, and asked to have the names of her children erased from the list of members. Isaac, the youngest, "the little emancipated," was not named because he was born after his father's expulsion.

Great sorrows entered into Mrs. Gibbons's life; she lost several children, and no letters here are likely to be more helpful than those she wrote in her bereavement and those written to her. The idyl of the book is her relation to her son "Willie," who died suddenly from an accident apparently trivial, midway his course in Harvard College. His was a case of "unfulfilled renown," so surely was he destined by his moral genius to share the honors of such young men as Shaw and Winthrop and Putnam and Lowell, if not their enviable death. A chapter headed "John Brown" is disappointing, so little does it contain concerning him. We are told that a few weeks before the raid he called and "confided to Mrs. Gibbons the full particulars of his plan for the uprising at Harper's Ferry." But her surprise in the event is spoken of as great, and hence it would appear that the plan he confided to her was not carried out. For three years and a half Mrs. Gibbons devoted herself, generally in company with her daughter Sarah, to hospital work, and her letters and journals covering this experience are full of interest and abound in local color, particularly black. Her sympathy with the slaves was a source of considerable friction in her relations with army officers. Her humanity in general had much the same effect. Those who think war is something nice could not do better than to read these hospital chapters and see what it was at its best, when it was just and not to be escaped. Involved in Banks's miserable retreat in West Virginia, Mrs. Gibbons had plenty of excitement and some hair-breadth escapes. Afterwards, at Point Lookout, the interest centres in the freedmen, pursued, maltreated, carried off by their former masters, long after the promulgation of the emancipation proclamation; a Maryland Colonel of Union troops conniving at every possible iniquity. He complains of Mrs. Gibbons as a "Protectress-General of all who get themselves into trouble, and censor of affairs military, religious, and moral"; thinks she "goes beyond her proper sphere, and might be disposed of." But it was Mrs. Gibbons who came off victorious. She generally did, thanks to an intuitive shrewdness, which not only rescued her from the difficulties into which she was led by an ardent disposition, but interpenetrated that, making her wise even when she appeared most rash.

The riots of July, 1863, afford the most interesting episode in the book. The Gibbons house was sacked, with but fifteen minutes' warning, so that but few things were saved out of the general wreck. Mrs. Gibbons was at Point Lookout and Mr. Gibbons was away from home at the critical moment. Mr. Joseph H. Choate assisted the daughters in their escape from roof to roof and finally to his own house. Mr. Gibbons wrote, "I am ashamed to have deserved no more." Returning for a few weeks to her ruined home, September found Mrs. Gibbons again with the sick and wounded soldiers. It is to be hoped that her personal impression of the Christian Commission was not just. She was not incapable of prejudice. It is with evident satisfaction that she tells of a dying boy concerning whom an agent of the Christian Commission eagerly inquired, "Madam, did you catch his last words?" and was horrified to learn that he was singing "Possum up a gum-tree."

The conclusion of the war brought Mrs. Gibbons no discharge from social duty. In advance of it she had been interested in various reformatory work, looking more particularly to the reformation of women and children. When nearly ninety she went to Albany and carried a bill for the appointment of police matrons through the Legislature, only to have it vetoed by Gov. Hill. In her ninety-first year she was again in Albany working for a reformatory for women, and carrying the labor of months to a successful issue by her untiring energy and tact. Social benevolence was the ruling passion of her life, but her interest in organized charity abated nothing of her personal interest in the unfortunate. Her individuality was too positive to be made subject to any organization, except possibly that of the Republican party, which was for her always in the right because it had decreed the death of slavery. The book is refreshing and inspiring from the contact it affords with a personality so vigorous and positive and unique, uniting in itself such different strains, at once so tender and so strong. If widely read, as it deserves to

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be, the book will not only make many women feel ashamed of their frivolity, but will convince them that there is a straighter path to happiness than theirs.

The French Revolution and English Literature: Six lectures delivered at Princeton University by Edward Dowden, LL.D., D.C.L., etc. Scribners. 1897.

This attractive little book of nearly 300 pages is the first of the series of "Princeton Lectures" which are to comprise in seven volumes the lectures delivered by distinguished foreigners at the sesquicentennial celebration of Princeton University. The material of Prof. Dowden's essays is, with some additions, taken from lectures delivered by him at Cambridge, England, as "Clark Lecturer" in English literature. Prof. Dowden's aim has been to give their proper historical setting to the chief figures in English literature in the period, roughly speaking, from 1770 to 1820, and to trace the influence on them and their writings of the leaders of the revolutionary movement in France and England. It is an interesting study of the workings, in the literary mind, of the Revolutionary ideas of human perfectibility and "simplification" through a return to nature, which some put in practice by discarding hair-powder and the cocked hat, others, like Maria Edgeworth's father, by trying to bring up their sons in republican simplicity on the pattern of the priggish hero of 'Sandford and Merton.' The personal history of Thomas Day, the author of 'Sandford and Merton,' showing how the 'Contrat Social' and 'Émile' fermented in a British brain, may here be read as an entertaining commentary on a work that has long ceased to amuse. Mr. Dowden relates how, rejected by Edgeworth's sister for his uncombed hair and table-manners, and despairing of all systems of feminine education but his own, Day reared two foundlings, a blonde and a brunette; how, in course of time, the brunette, Lucretia, forsook him and married a linen-draper; how he, in turn, forsook Sabrina, the blonde, on her betraying certain fatal weaknesses of mind. "When, to give her hardihood, he fired pistols at her petticoats, Sabrina screamed; when he dropped melted sealing-wax on her large and white arms, she started. Finally, she did, or she did not, wear certain long sleeves which had been the subject of his aversion or his liking, . . . and he quitted her forever."

The gentle Cowper is classed with the "precursors of revolution" less by virtue of such utterances as his prayer for the fall of the Bastille than by his desire for simplification, and that sensibility for animals which he shared with Coleridge and other Revolutionary sympathizers, and which made them the sport of the Anti-Jacobins. In the poem called "New Morality" they satirized Sensibility:

"Taught by nice scale to mete her feelings strong,
False by degrees and exquisitely wrong;
For the crush'd beetle *first*, the widow'd dove,
And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;
Next for poor suffering *Guilt;* and, last of all,
For parents, friends, a king and country's fall."

It was with satire such as this that Canning and the Tories in their review, the *Anti-Jacobin,* raised a laugh against these younger literary enthusiasts of Revolution.

In his lecture on the "Theorists of Revolution," Professor Dowden traces the special influence of Godwin, exerted personally and through his treatise 'Political Justice,' on the literary men of the day. Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth were disciples of Godwin for a period of youthful enthusiasm, while Shelley, who lacked the balance and power of original thought of the others, pushed his father-in-law's doctrines to their logical consequences. The failure of the Revolution in its historical development finally worked the disillusion of Wordsworth and his friends, but they maintained a tempered enthusiasm for the theory. In his lecture on "Recovery and Reaction," Professor Dowden says of Wordsworth that, in his disappointment, "he retained his desire to simplify life, . . . he lost none of his sense of the dignity of man as man, . . . he thought less, indeed, than formerly of man in an abstract way and of the rights of man; but he entered far more deeply into the joys and sorrows of individual men, . . . he ceased to speak of fraternity and equality; but this was because he perceived a certain effeminacy in levelling down the truth to general notions and ambitious words." This mood of resignation turned to something like the earlier glowing faith when England became the champion of freedom against Napoleon. "The noblest products in the field of pure literature which the Napoleonic wars have left us are Wordsworth's political sonnets, his poem 'The Happy Warrior,' and his pamphlet on the 'Convention of Cintra'" (p. 214).

The three most energetic opponents of the literary reaction against revolution were Landor, Byron, and Shelley. After his abortive expedition in help of Spain, Landor, in disgust at the new despotisms of Europe which followed the fall of Napoleon, diverted his interest to the South American Republics, "partly, he says, because he wished every nation under heaven to be independent; partly, because he thought it would be advantageous to England that some counterpoise against the power of the United States should be found on the American Continent." Byron "had a strong feeling for the Revolutionary movement as a destructive force, . . . but he cared little for the principles . . . which are positive, constructive, social. . . . He could do little more than plead for an emancipation of egoism. . . . He asserted with emphasis the prerogative of man to do what he likes, where he likes, when he likes, how he likes." Byron's heroes and heroines, his Corsairs, Giaours, and Pirates, carried out his theory of individualism; to us they seem melodramatic marionettes; but Professor Dowden maintains that they "were once as much alive as certain favorite heroes and heroines of contemporary fiction are at the present day. Perhaps *Nora Helmer* and *Hedda Gabler* may by and by repose in the old marionette-box, and the wires by which their limbs are convulsed may have grown rusty. . . . Let us feel towards Byron's Oriental figures with some tenderness, for they deserve it" (p. 272). Several years since, in 'Transcripts and Studies,' Mr. Dowden wrote at length on Shelley, and in these lectures he could add little to that estimate. His closing paragraph, with its fine contrast of Byron and Shelley, is worth quoting:

"In Byron we find an expression of the Revolution on its negative side, . . . in Shelley an expression of . . . its positive side. As the wave of revolution rolls onward, driven forth from the vast volcanic upheaval in France, and as it becomes a portion of the literary movement of Great Britain, its dark and hissing crest may be the poetry of Byron; but over the tumultuous wave hangs an iris of beauty and promise, and that foam-bow of hope, flashing and failing, and ever reappearing as the wave sweeps on, is the poetry of Shelley."

Cyprian: His Life, his Times, his Work. By Edward White Benson, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1897. 8vo, pp. xxxvii, 636.

It is impossible not to look with respect on this volume, to which for thirty years the venerable Primate of England devoted the leisure left to him by more engrossing duties. Fortunately for him, he lived to complete it, even to the proof-reading, and if he was denied the satisfaction of witnessing its publication, he had derived from it what is the truest reward of authorship—the consecration of his powers to a worthy object. That he himself recognized this is indicated by the entry in his diary recording its completion: "If it ever sees the light, many will think it a very odd book. Folk are edified in such different ways. But it has edified me, which is what I began it for."

When a man of culture and scholarship devotes half a lifetime to a single subject, one expects to find that subject treated with all that research can bring to bear to illustrate it on every side. In this the reader will not be disappointed. The author has spared no labor to familiarize himself completely with the condition of society in the third century, and with that of the African province in particular; he has saturated himself thoroughly with Cyprian's writings, which he analyzes carefully and elucidates minutely with all the resources derivable from Roman jurisprudence and Christian archæology and theology. His object has evidently been to place himself as much as possible in the position of a contemporary, in so far as relates to the causes and immediate consequences of the events described, while retaining the vantage-ground of a modern in pointing out their ultimate results.

With all the advantages, however, resulting from this mode of treatment, there is the drawback almost inseparable from a work passing through so long a course of incubation. The arrangement is confused by the injection of learned episodical discussions of minute points. Historical perspective is lost and the general effect is marred by the multitude of adventitious matters introduced. The overflow of conscientious learning has a tendency to obscure, till one scarce can see the wood for the trees. The style, moreover, leaves much to be desired. From a prefatory note by the author's son we gather that this is the result of deliberate intention. "I only wish," he reports his father as saying, "to say the obvious thing without the customary periphrasis; it all comes of hours spent with intense enjoyment over Thucydides, weighing the force of every adjective and every particle." This perhaps explains why the end of a sentence sometimes seems to have so little connection with the beginning that the reader is puzzled to trace the current of thought that has developed

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so unexpectedly. It does not excuse, however, the reckless use of pronouns of which the antecedent is doubtful, nor the apparent settled conviction that a sentence can be complete without a verb. There are passages in which the author rises to a manly and sustained eloquence, but as a whole the book is not easy reading for a careful student.

It probably was not Archbishop Benson's intention to write a polemical treatise under the guise of an historical biography, but, given his position as an Anglican churchman, his choice of a subject rendered this almost inevitable; in fact that choice may not improbably, though unconsciously, have been influenced by the opportunities which it afforded for such treatment. Cyprian was the master-mind of the Latin Church at a period when primitive simplicity was gradually developing into hierarchical organization, and the struggle had already commenced between centralization and localization. During his brief pontificate, from 248 or 249 to his martyrdom in 258, he took a commanding position in that struggle, vindicating on the one hand his full authority as Bishop, and on the other his independence of the Petrine see. Naturally he thus represents the ideal of Anglican episcopacy, and his acts and his writings have served as an armory from which subsequent controversialists have drawn their weapons.

Cyprian, in fact, has been a thorn in the Ultramontane side, especially since the Vatican decree rendered *de fide* the direct and immediate supremacy of the Holy See over every parish and every Catholic, thus realizing, after nearly six centuries, the dream of Boniface VIII., which found expression in the bull *Unam Sanctam*. There was his unquestioned sanctity and the veneration which he inspired in such doctors of the Church as St. Augustine; there is the stubborn fact that he is enrolled in the Roman calendar of saints with commemoration in the canon of the mass. Yet there are also his unqualified resistance to Roman dictation, his assumption of equality with the Bishop of Rome, and the theory which interpenetrates his works of the unity of the church coexisting with complete episcopal independence in the diocese. That this, moreover, was the recognized ecclesiastical organization in the third and fourth centuries is forcibly manifested by the author (p. 435) in showing that, throughout the great controversy over the rebaptism of heretics, the debaters on the Roman side, which finally prevailed against Cyprian, appealed to tradition and to argument, but never to the authority of the Holy See. They supported its view, but they never imagined that it had any authority to decide the question. In fact, the complaint of St. Optatus against the Donatists is not that they were rebellious to the Petrine Church, but that they refused to let the imperial power define their religious beliefs. Modern Catholic writers thus have a difficult subject to handle in Cyprian; forgery and interpolation have been employed to make him contradict himself, and the most improbable theories have been injected into history, all of which the author follows up and exposes with a holy zest indicative of the living actualities of the questions started some sixteen hundred years ago. At the same time he does not neglect the opportunity which his subject affords to combat Presbyterianism and its "truncate communities."

To these strong Anglican convictions is owing a curious blindness to the possibility of Cavour's ideal, the "libera chiesa in libero stato"—the disconnection between Church and State. To the good Archbishop this is a recrudescence of the Donatist heresy and even worse, for it opens out to him the most awful consequences. "It gives up Christianity and it gives up the world. . . . It is content that States should have no profession of the Truth of Christ. . . . It gives up Christianity. For it confesses that there are powers in the world which Christianity cannot and dare not deal with, gates of hell which must be left to prevail" (p. 529). Considering this and a confirmatory passage which he quotes from Bishop Lightfoot, we can readily understand why the House of Lords, with its bench of bishops, has offered such strenuous resistance to the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and we can forecast the bitterness of the final struggle for disestablishment.

In a couple of pages of introduction, Bishop Potter has rendered a graceful tribute to the labors of Archbishop Benson, but it would have been in better taste had he not allowed the publishers to display his name so prominently on the title-page.

The Diseases of Plants Caused by Cryptogamic Parasites. An Introduction to the Study of Pathogenic Fungi, Slime-fungi, Bacteria, and Algae. By Dr. Karl Freiherr von Tubeuf. English edition by W. G. Smith, Ph.D., Lect. Edin. Longmans. 1897.

One of the most striking instances of rapid and satisfactory division of labor in scientific fields is presented by cryptogamic botany. Only a few decades ago, all that was positively known about the structure and habits of flowerless plants could be reasonably assigned to the keeping of those who were general botanists, but the development of the subject has been so rapid, and, on the whole, so satisfactory from the point of view of scientific accuracy and thoroughness, that successive reassignments have been found desirable from time to time. In the treatment of the single class of flowerless plants called fungi—a class which comprises within its somewhat uncertain limits mushrooms, rusts, moulds, bacteria, and all sorts of uncanny organisms—it has been absolutely necessary to divide and subdivide the work among specialists, and even now some of the newest comers in the field are looking anxiously for the relief which will follow further minute subdivision.

This tendency towards minute subdivision is sound and natural. Extreme specialists may be much narrowed by it in their outlook and their views, because they must confine themselves to a very limited district for study; but, fortunately, there still remain, in the Old World and the New, some who, by their training and strength, have been able to retain a hold on the different departments of cryptogamic botany as these successive separations have occurred. In our own country we have Dr. Farlow, whose grasp of the subjects of algae, and of fungi as well, enables him to preserve a sense of proportion and perspective with regard to all these minor groups. In the Old World there are, perhaps, not more than two or three of whom this can be said. The whole drift is towards minute specialization, and the specialist may be deemed happy who can look out clearly beyond his own borders.

Perhaps the difficulty which surrounds the investigation of the structure and what is called, for want of a better term, the life-history of any organism, will be better understood if we remind our readers that almost every step requires the assistance of the compound microscope, and that each step is time-consuming in its employment of a complicated technique. It might be thought that here, as elsewhere, many hands might make light work, but this is not so. Each one must complete his own task, and in his own way. Each of the many hands may undertake separate tasks, and then remains the important and oftentimes discouraging problem of coördinating the results which must be verified, but which, from the very nature of microscopic technique, can hardly be repeated with exactly the same conditions as before. In the work before us there is a well-planned attempt to accomplish this task of coördination in the department of plant diseases which depend on the invasion of cryptogamic organisms. On the whole, the treatise is very satisfactory. Facts have been gathered with thoroughness, transcribed with accuracy, and weighed truly. Moreover, the translation is good. It places in the hands of the student and general reader an immense mass of details arranged in convenient and telling fashion. We are not a little curious to see whether it will have the effect of repressing the somewhat abnormal activity in this department, especially in the case of those who are engaging in the work with too little preparation. Perhaps, however, it may wholesomely stimulate to better and more thorough work. This last was plainly the object of the author and of the translator. We feel sure that the reader who glances at a treatise like this for the first time will be greatly impressed by the diversity of effects which ensue on the invasion of destructive fungi and the like. Not only can cells and tissues be broken down, and organs practically annihilated, but there are instances where, through the marvellous reaction of the plant or its parts, new shapes are brought into existence and old shapes disguised. The changes go so far even as to effect the reappearance of lost parts, such as abortive or suppressed stamens, and so on. In a word, when the foreign influence begins to be felt, new growths follow, and these growths are by no means the same in all organisms, even when the exciting cause is the same. We wish we could bring from the perusal of this book better cheer as to the cure of this class of plant diseases. Much has been done by new methods of spraying poisonous liquids on the victimized and stricken plants in order to kill the invaders or their advance skirmishers, but very much more remains to be done. Fortunately, both in this country and abroad, the great zeal which characterizes investigation in the whole department of vegetable pathology gives ground for encouragement. We may hope that, at no very distant date, some of the most destructive maladies may be completely stamped out and others held in check.

Souvenirs d'Amérique et de Grèce. Par Pierre de Coubertin. Paris: Hachette & Cie. 1897.

M. de Coubertin has been prominent for several years as a promoter of international-

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ism. The world is not so ungrateful as to have forgotten his energy in urging the revival of the Olympic games, and if he is as successful in his present enterprise, and manages to deflect the current of American students from Germany to France, he will have deserved even better of his country than he did in his more showy experiment, which did not redound to the especial glory of French athleticism. For, international as he is, M. de Coubertin is too much of a patriot not to put France in the first line, for which no one will blame him. But somehow these international promoters get scant thanks.

In less than a hundred pages M. de Coubertin leads us an international dance from Chicago to California, from the sesquicentennial of Princeton to the toboggan of Canada. In less than a hundred pages he unfolds his view of the Olympic games of old, touches off the main features of the Olympic games of 1896, and gives us a tourist's glimpse of Corfu—not the least attractive chapter in the book. In the American half, M. de Coubertin emphasizes the inevitable contrast between the feverish nightmare of Chicago and the tranquil dream of the World's Fair; between "the army of unhappiness recruited from all the shipwrecked of Europe" and the joyous crowds that filled the grounds of the Columbian Exposition; between the foreign stratification of the great city and the symmetrical incorporation of American idealism in Jackson Park. To this American idealism M. de Coubertin is eager to do justice. Perhaps he does it more than justice; but he cannot refrain from little skits at American peculiarities. Our way of decorating buildings he likens to the display of the wash of circus clowns, and he is evidently not much edified by President Harper's comparison of the working of the University of Chicago with the running of a railroad. President Harper's comparison not only lacks novelty, but fails to represent true American university ideals, and as to the adornment of buildings, it may be said that Americans find the European fashion of hanging old rugs out of the windows in times of rejoicing quite as absurd as M. de Coubertin finds our display of bunting. So hard is it to be cosmopolitan.

The chapter on the university movement in the United States leads up to a plea for closer interchange between America and France. France does not know the good work that is done on this side, and America has cooled towards France. The notion of French decadence has penetrated the university world. The French language has receded and French science has lost its prestige. Our historians underrate the part France has played in our past. Bancroft inaugurated this historical ingratitude, but McMaster has made an advance on Bancroft, and has managed to tell the story of the independence of the United States without pronouncing the name of Lafayette.

All this is more or less epigram. M. Brunetière would have a different tale to tell about the receding of the French language and the decline of our interest in things French. Paris swarms with American students of art, and no American scholar is ignorant of the remarkable work that is done in France. "Unfortunately," to quote the language of an eminent French classical scholar, "the French have officers enough, but they have no army." It is not the German professor alone, it is the university life of Germany, that has attracted and continues to hold the American student. If that life slacks (and it seems to be slackening), no amount of superior intellectual productivity will avail. It is, indeed, not unlikely that the French schools will have their day once more, and M. de Coubertin's efforts to bring about that good time are highly creditable to his patriotism; but these currents cannot be set up at will.

The chapters on the Olympic games are sad reading now in view of recent events, which have formed a bitter commentary on the well-known verses of Euripides, in which the atrabilarious poet follows the thinkers of his time in minimizing the importance of athleticism. M. de Coubertin is a believer in athleticism, in "sport," which, like all adopted English words, has a much more devil-may-care aspect in French than in its native habitat. The original institution of the Olympic games was, he contends, a glorification of "sport"; and he thinks that scholars have sophisticated themselves in their views of the games, and have tried to explain away the fact that the Greek people, "creator" as it was "of beauty, enamoured as it was of poetry, of dreams, of harmony, periodically forced all these divine gifts to do obeisance to the royalty of muscle." Hellenists, it seems, have sought the secret of the Olympic games everywhere rather than in the heart of things, in the "sport" itself. The so-called religious element is nothing but poetic gilding. The worship of physical beauty is naught. The athlete himself is not beautiful. There is no real beauty in the games as such. What is beautiful in them is ambition and will. In fact, all athleticism is summed up in the three words that Père Didon gave as a motto to a football team, *Citius, fortius, altius*. "These words form a programme of moral beauty. The æsthetic of 'sport' is an immaterial æsthetic." The motto is a good one, and will answer admirably for a variety of spheres. *Citius, fortius, altius* would look well as the device of a roof-garden, and fitly enshrine the moral beauty of the high kickers.

In pursuit of his theme, M. de Coubertin traces sympathetically the revival of athleticism, especially in the closing years of the century. American athleticism he thinks due to the "war of secession"; French athleticism to the "disaster of 1870." The resuscitation of the Olympic games is the consecration of the movement. This way of looking at the matter has the merit of extreme simplicity, and any commentary might break the charm. The account of the performances in Athens is much more meagre than was to be expected, and in the descriptive portions of the book it is only too evident that M. de Coubertin is an admirer of Pierre Loti.

Zwischen Alaska und Feuerland. Bilder aus der neuen Welt. Von Gustav Brühl. Berlin: A. Asher & Co. 8vo, pp. 722.

Any one desirous of becoming acquainted in a pleasant way with the more interesting points of both Americas, without the hardships of trudging through dry and treeless valleys, endless wastes and malarial swamps or of climbing rocky cliffs, should, if he have command of the language, read Brühl's book. It is written in a lively and attractive German style, and, though its author is a specialist in American archæology, it does not smack of book-learning of the dryasdust sort. A man of Dr. Brühl's extensive experience as a traveller and historic knowledge knows how to select from his wide and numerous peregrinations just those facts and sights which chiefly attract cultured readers; and after reading twenty pages of this volume they will no longer take fright at its bulk. Brühl's purpose was not to describe America as a whole in a uniform style of topography; we soon discover that he has an eye for what is grand and impressive in nature, extraordinary in quality and dimension, and also for what is characteristic respecting the tribes or nations inhabiting the different countries. This predilection it was that prompted the Cincinnati physician to visit and describe the wonders of the Yellowstone region, the Grand Cañon, and the smaller gorges through which the Colorado of the West pours its turbid waters. The writings of Charles F. Lummis probably caused him to explore Arizona's wildernesses and inspect the Natural Bridge and the petrified forest, which have had comparatively few visitors. Alaska, Niagara, and the Thousand Islands are too old a story for us to dwell upon. By this route we are brought to the sunny climes of Mexico and especially of Yucatan, where archæologic tastes may revel with the love of nature. The pyramid of Xochicalco, "at the flower-building," visited repeatedly by Dr. Brühl, and described as early as 1791 by the Padre Alzate, is situated in the wilderness southwest of the City of Mexico. In spite of its dilapidated state, it still extorts admiration by its beauty and huge dimensions. The upper part is almost gone, but what remains is covered with sculptures described in detail in the author's very circumstantial relation. When he reached Yucatan, the country was in distress, for the "Indios sublevados" threatened the peace of the state more than ever; but nobody interfered with his excursions to Aké, with its pyramid, to Labna, to the sculptures on the sugar-hacienda of Tabi, to Mani, the celebrated domain of the Tutul-Xiu dynasty, to Zangi in the centre of the forest, and to Kabah. The ruins most frequently visited by swarms of tourists are those of Uxmal. Not a single navigable river exists in Yucatan. Of curiosities Dr. Brühl notes a certain well or *pozo;* light or volatile articles falling into it in the morning hours will be brought up again in the afternoon by a change of the air-current. In Uayalceh there is a thick ceïba-tree, which grows out of a deep zenote or natural rock-well. Mitla, in the land of the Zapotec Indians, is famous not only for its temple, but also for its enormous cypress-trees.

Dr. Brühl's pen-pictures of South America are equally attractive with the foregoing, and readers will follow him easily through many valleys of the mighty Cordilléras, through Chili, around Cape Horn, and to the capitals of the eastern coast. His descriptions of Lake Titicaca and its island of the same name, and of the towering giant mountains Illimani and Illampu, possess a special and absorbing interest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Cynthia M. W. Manhattan, Historic and Artistic. The Morse Co.
Bellamy, Edward. Equality. Appletons. $1.25.
Comstock, Prof. J. H. Insect Life: An Introduction to Nature-Study. Appletons. $2.50.
Du Maurier, George. The Martian. Harpers. $1.75.

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